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THE SKETCH
AUGUST 27, 1952

The Sketch

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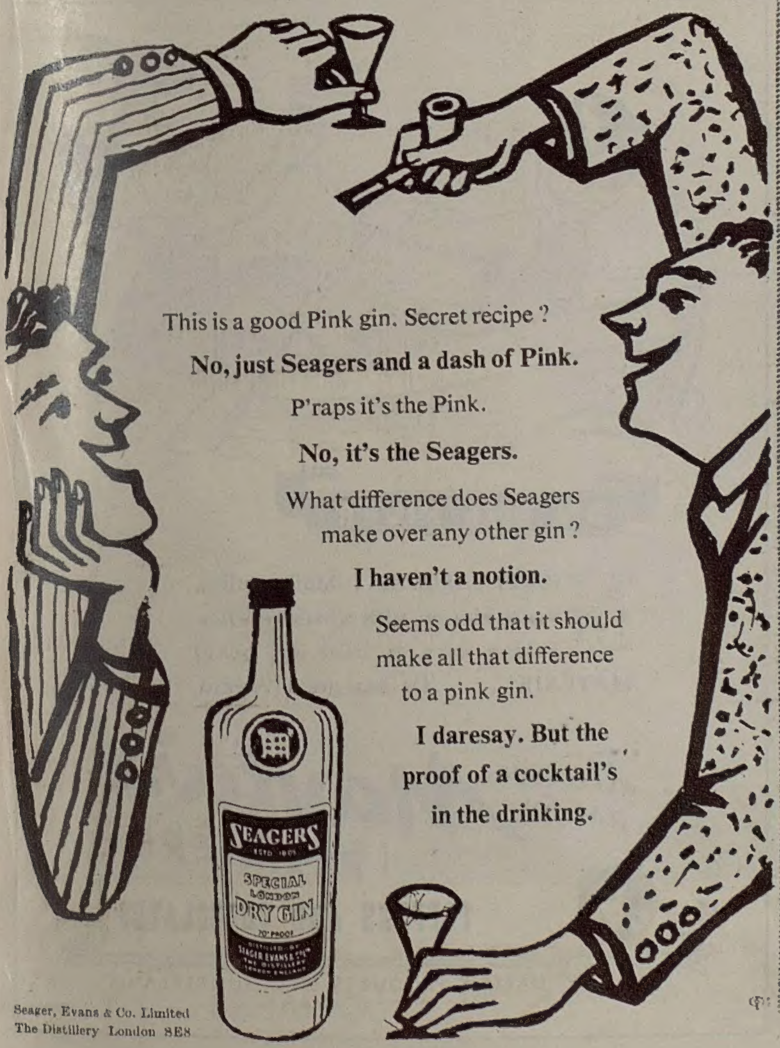

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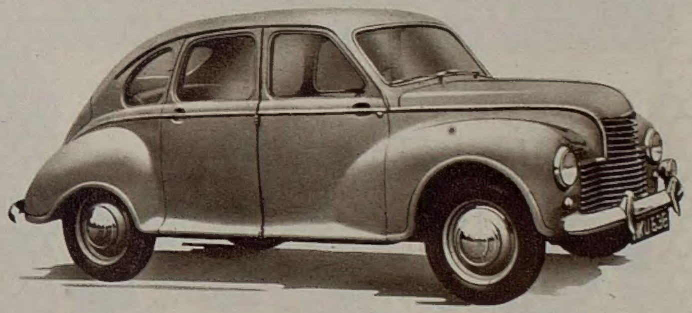

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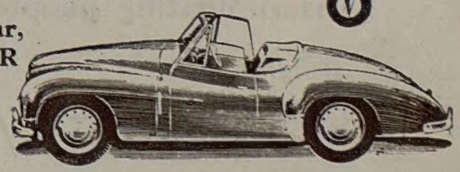

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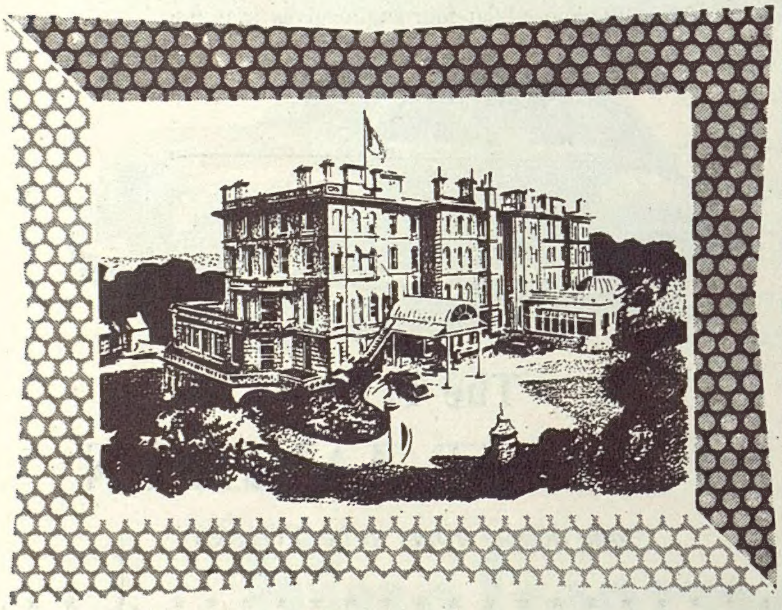

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The Sketch

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 27, 1952

Photographed by Marcus Adams.

ROYALLY BEHAVED

Princess Anne is two years old ; she certainly seems more than that in truly Royal behaviour and has been delighting her mother's subjects from prams, cars, trains and windows for almost every moment of her very successful career. She had a birthday party at Balmoral, with an iced sponge cake, two candles ablaze on top.

MEDALS, ERMINE AND OPENING SPEECHES AT EDINBURGH.—Here is the Duke of Edinburgh speaking at the opening of the International Festival of Music and Drama at Edinburgh on August 17. The Festival, at Scotland's lovely city, lasts until September 6; the Lord Provost, Mr. James Miller, is fourth from the right.

Our Motley Notes

By Toby O'Brien

I CANNOT help taking a certain amount of sardonic delight over all the she-she in connection with Shaw's house. It always struck me as being a trifle optimistic of the sage of Ayot St. Lawrence to believe that people in any numbers would wish to make his house a place of pilgrimage, and typical of him that when he left £300,000, he left it to others to endow the house. I remember the late Captain R. Herbert Shaw, who probably had the best, best informed and most widely cultivated mind that I am ever likely to encounter in my lifetime, saying that there were at least half-a-dozen witty and clever young men in the Dublin of his youth who were fully the equals of Shaw. I have always considered (and have said so in print) that he was overrated as a playwright, and wrong-headed as a propagandist. I do not believe that in fifty years' time he will be widely read except as a literary curiosity. Indeed, there was something a little pathetic in this Socialist who spent his old age complaining about his income tax and about death duties, and who pursued the humblest amateur dramatic society for his copyright fees with a zeal which would have done discredit to the hard-faced capitalists of his political imaginings.

Foreigners are usually wrong in their assessment of English literary figures, and the fact that wherever one went in Europe before the war the literary-minded plagued one with questions about "Show" (to rhyme with "how") and his fellow Fabian, "Velss," was a pretty good indication of his real literary standing. But then, foreigners believe, contrary to all the evidence, that Wilde and Byron are the two greatest literary figures that this country has ever produced. . .

IN these dog days it was pleasant to meet Mrs. Frances Parkinson Keyes at a party given by Mr. Douglas Jerrold, her publisher. Her books are, I believe, steadily the biggest best-sellers on either side of the Atlantic, never dropping below the million mark for any individual book. Perhaps I may now make a confession to Mrs. Parkinson Keyes. When I met her for the first time just after the war I had never read a single one of her books (I hasten to add that I have become a considerable fan since). However, my admirable Eva, my cook-housekeeper, who is my authority on all popular literary matters, as she is on anything affecting the stage, films, television or broadcasting, was able to prime me so well on the authoress's latest book that I hope and believe I got away without committing any major solecisms.

I must record a brilliant piece of public relations on the part of Mrs. Parkinson Keyes. Eva had asked me, on that earlier occasion, to take along her autograph book, which the authoress duly signed. Next Christmas, which was some months later, a Christmas-card for Eva came from the other side of the Atlantic—a remarkable feat of memory.

FOR the London-bound, accounts of the excellent sport which the more fortunate are having in this, which looks like a bumper year for grouse, can only prove a twisting of a knife in a wound. Alas, there is little comfort even in the usual crop of descriptions of grouse-shooting which appear annually in the Press. That is to say, there has been nothing to equal the lyrical "ping of the rifle o'er Barningham Moor," which I mentioned last year, though I am a little taken with the description of the

Duke of Edinburgh being out early shooting grouse in the woods (*sic*) around Balmoral. Personally, I am against shooting grouse before the fall of the leaf, as until then the beaters find it so difficult to dislodge them from their roosting-places in the beech-trees !

THE period of garden fêtes in one village or another is in full swing. All over the country you will see villages with a string of bunting across the main street, or flags drooping at the entrance-gate of some big house. Recently I spent a week-end in Oxfordshire with Sir Gifford Fox, and was put on to organise the " drinks Hoop-la." It is with a certain amount of pride that I record that for the first time in the history of this particular fête (in aid of the village church and the Boy Scouts) the hoop-la took more money than the bowling for the pig—beating that latter attraction, as it happens, by a distance. I had a double reason for rejoicing. In my youth I always used to win the bowling for the pig at the fête held in the grounds of an aunt's house—but as a member of the household, always had to give it back. It is true that I had been quietly practising for most of the morning, but I have nourished a secret sense of injustice ever since, which I was able to work off in " Pam " Fox's hospitable company.

Incidentally, I have now discovered why it is called Hoop-la. If you have picked up 3000 to 4000 hoops off the ground, you tend to assume the shape of a rheumatical croquet hoop.

ON two consecutive days recently I lunched in the City with the wine trade. In the first case it was with an old friend, Reggie Byass, at the office of Gonzalez Byass, where we drank Tio Pepe (of course), a quite remarkable Spanish white wine, and Brane Cantenac '34, which had been undisturbed in their cellars for many years. It was in perfect condition, and as pleasant a château-bottled claret as I have drunk for many a long day. Few people realise how much the quality of an old or elderly wine depends on lack of disturbance. The difference in, say, a twenty-five-year-old Bordeaux which has been virtually undisturbed since it was shipped, and an identical bottle which has been moving around the country is quite startling. Two famous London hotels, for example, have some Haut Brion '29. At one hotel which, incidentally, charges much less than the other, the wine is superb, at the other has lost nearly all its quality. The lunch with Reggie Byass was a most delightful occasion. As I wrote to him afterwards, I seldom remember when I have laughed more, argued more, or drunk better wines. Incidentally, wine-drinking is an obvious recipe for attaining a ripe old age. Reggie's father, Mr. William Byass, is at ninety-three the lively doyen of a trade filled with veterans.

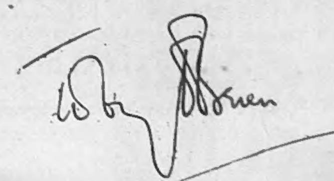
The following day's lunch at Deinhard's pre-Fire-of-London cellar luncheon-room was also memorable. Our little party, under the wing of three generations of the Hasslacher family—headed by Mr. Charles Hasslacher, who is eighty-two—were carefully guided through a perfect selection of the great wines of 1949: '49 for the Moselles and Rhine wines is obviously going to be as tremendous a year as the *annus mirabilis* of 1921, though I believe that the '50's will run them pretty close. After an *aperitif* which consisted of a glass of a pleasant light dry champagne, we went in to lunch and began with a Berncasteler Doktor 1949 Lilac Seal. This was indeed a remarkable Moselle, which, unlike some of the hocks, had already developed its bouquet. We then went right up the Rhine Valley, starting with the Rheingau, which is nearest to Deinhard's headquarters in Coblenz, with a Kiedricher Grafenburg Riesling Spätlese 1949. From Rheinhesse there came an Oppenheimer Kreuz Feine Auslese, a big-bodied wine in which the lack of development as yet of the " nose " was most marked, to the Palatinate, that territory of magnificently full wines, which was nobly represented by the Ruppertsberger Nussbien Feine Auslese. The *chef d'œuvre* of this little vinous tour up the Rhine was, however, a Schloss Böckelheimer Kupfergrube Riesling Trockenbeeren Auslese. This incredible wine is, as its name implies, made from the " Trockenbeeren "—the " dry grapes," which are left on the vine until they are almost raisins covered with that " noble corruption " which produces the finest of all wines. Not more than two or three drops can be obtained from each grape, with the result that it is not surprising that only twenty dozen of this wine have been made at all, and that the price to the trade in this, its infancy, is already 1,000 shillings a dozen. Mr. Alfred Hasslacher told me that they had previously only opened one half-bottle, and agreed with me that it was almost a sin to be drinking this deep golden wine, which is so full of sugar that it has at least twenty years of steadily improving life before it. I am glad to report that I have a date with Mr. Hasslacher to try the Böckelheimer again in ten, fifteen and twenty years' time, if we are spared to enjoy it. From Deinhard's records it is quite clear that the whole conception of hock drinking has changed. In a wine list of 1851, for example, there appear hocks as old as 1811. No modern hock, not even the Böckelheimer, would last as long as that in bottle. It is obvious that our forefathers must have kept their hocks for twenty, thirty or more years in cask, by which time they must have resembled an old sherry or madeira. Indeed, in one of Deinhard's wine lists we receive a very definite clue when they speak of " brown old hocks " at least forty years old.

I WENT to a friend's office a few days ago, and saw a young woman seated at the desk whom I took to be a replacement for his secretary, who was on holiday. I was a little surprised when the young lady said in a very cavalier manner to my friend : " Look. You really must hurry up. I can't stay here all night." It transpired that in point of fact she was a representative of a firm of jewellers who had come round to take instructions for the design of some souvenir cuff-links, and was not on his payroll. In that connection, I always like the story of Lord Northcliffe, who could not abide messenger boys whistling in the passages of his newspaper offices. On one occasion he saw a messenger boy with his hands in his pockets, whistling. He summoned the lad, dismissed him on the spot, and told him to go to the cashier (giving him a chit) and draw a week's money. The boy seemed, curiously, pleased rather than dismayed. He had every reason to be. He came from Cable and Wireless !

MR. ERSKINE CHILDERS, the Irish Minister for Post and Communications, who read my notes on obituaries and epitaphs, assures me that twenty years ago, when he was working in Paris, he saw an undertaker's advertisement which, in addition to hearses, horses with plumes, hatchments, mutes, etc., was for a further consideration prepared to supply *" petits chiens qui aboient pitoyeusement."*

Cecil Beaton.

For the Edinburgh Festival Mr. Derek Hill has succeeded in capturing a selection of the very elusive, because at the moment very popular, works of the Impressionist, Degas. The Louvre and the Tate Gallery are among the famous collections which have loaned examples of the great Frenchman's work ; others have been generously supplied by private collectors, including Sir Kenneth Clark, Mrs. Alexander Kessler and M. Robert de Galen, whose *Dead Fox Under Trees* is one of Degas' most interesting animal paintings. His dancers, racehorses and idle, blowsy women are all represented ; one, *A Woman Washing Herself*, is loaned by Vivien Leigh.

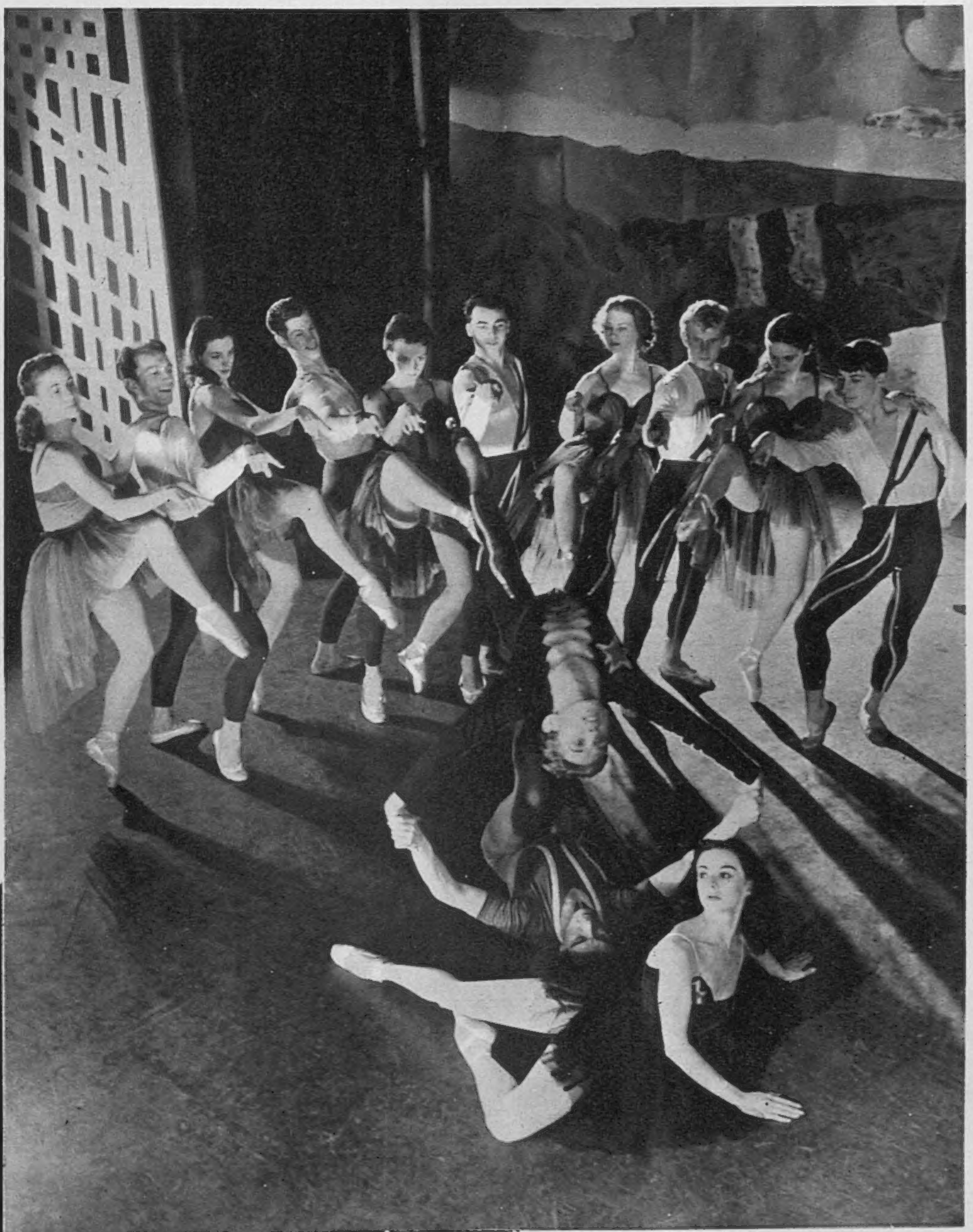


Photographed by Dorothy Wilding.

"IT WAS THE NIGHTINGALE AND NOT THE LARK . . ."

Miss Claire Bloom will be the next Juliet to suffer this intrusion on 400 years of famous love-making. *Romeo and Juliet*, produced by Hugh Hunt, who succeeds Tyrone Guthrie as producer at the Old Vic, will first be seen next week at the Assembly Hall, Edinburgh, for the Festival; then, on Monday, September 15, in the Waterloo Road. Miss Bloom is also Charlie Chaplin's leading lady in his latest film, *Limelight*, which is due to have its première in the autumn. This twenty-one-year-old actress was only seventeen when she made her stage name as Ophelia at Stratford-upon-Avon.

David Poole as Narcissus is threatened by the reflection of his own evil, personified by The Boy Child (David Britton).



Above.: Narcissus with Echo (Elaine Fifield) and his own destructive reflection, The Boy Child, between them ; no sympathy from the onlookers for the too-prevalent plight of self-absorption. *Left :* Patricia Miller and Pirmin Trecu as The Lovers who exemplify the ideal Narcissus longs for but cannot attain.

MANY MIRRORS FOR NARCISSUS

John Cranko's eagerly-awaited new ballet, *Reflection*, had its première on August 21 at the Empire Theatre, Edinburgh, during the Festival. The music is by John Gardner, and décor and costumes by Keith New. It deals with narcissism in the abstract rather than the old legend of Narcissus and Echo, although theirs are the leading parts. The other chief characters are projections of the hero's ideal self and love, the girl child and the boy child representing, respectively, his good and bad conscience and the lovers the romance of which his nature makes him incapable. His self-love leads to a self-hate which destroys him, and Echo is left triumphant over his dead body. After three performances at Edinburgh this new ballet is due at the Sadler's Wells Theatre on September 4.

Photographed by Denis de Marney.

THE LORD PROVOST AND HIS LADY

By "Canongate"

JAMES MILLER, who has succeeded to the position of the Lord Provost of Edinburgh well into this the second millennium of her foundation as a city and well into her sixth century as capital of Scotland, is a doer. In his quiet, effective way he gets things done. He was left with responsibilities when his father (under whom he was training as an architect) died before he, James Miller, was twenty. He continued at the practice, but soon the wider field of building attracted him, and it was not long before he was head of a prosperous and widespread business.

Last year he succeeded to an equally difficult position, and one much more in the public eye—the Lord Provostship of Edinburgh. By this I do not mean that the capital of Scotland and the business of being its civic head were in a bad way. Exactly the reverse. No, the difficulty of becoming Lord Provost in 1951 was that Edinburgh was at the peak of its international boom period and that the effulgence of three remarkable men, the three previous Lord Provosts, Sir John Falconer, Sir Will Y. Darling and Sir Andrew Murray still glowed upon the northern sky.

To succeed to such a position at such a time was no easy matter. But James Miller was well equipped for such succession with fifteen years' experience of Council affairs. He had already served as Convenor, Chairman of the Committee, as Senior Magistrate and Deputy Lord Provost. At the time of the inception of the Festival Society he was City Treasurer and played a big part in the Society's establishment on a sound financial basis. His council offices coupled with his business experience, his interest in sport and his conviction that Edinburgh should be built up as a tourist and conference city, has qualified him well for the responsibilities he incurred.

And now, well after a year in office, we can say that James Miller, in his unobtrusive yet active fashion, has succeeded. His first Festival in 1951 was a resounding success and carried on the tradition at its best just when the Jeremiahs were beginning to prophesy that "it couldn't go on—the pace of Music and Drama could not be kept up in this affected way in this northern clime. It would be better to stop it." This year's Festival, with its long-looked-for *Rosenkavalier* and its new Tyrone Guthrie–Robert Kemp discovery and adaptation from the Scottish past, *The Highland Fair*, has already shown that the standard is not only being kept up but surpassed.

BUT what I as a lover of old Edinburgh perhaps most relish in the activities of our new Lord Provost has been what he has done for the "Old Town" of Edinburgh. Had it not been for his drive—his personal enthusiasm—the new schemes for the cleaning-up, the cleaning-out, the rebuilding, with a respect for tradition, of the "Royal Mile" of Edinburgh would not have occurred or would have been "indefinitely postponed."

For decades—indeed, for over a century—the state of the Royal Mile, that string of streets (the Lawnmarket, the High Street and the Canongate) which joins the Castle to the Palace of Holyroodhouse, has been a disgrace to Edinburgh. It may have been all very well for visiting antiquarians to enjoy the picturesque sense of the past, which is just another way of saying the sense of decay of the "Old Town" of Edinburgh. It was not, however, so pleasant for the patriotic citizen of the town to observe the decay of the most historic part of one of the most historic cities in Europe. We had to face it, whether we relished it romantically or not: the Old Town since well before Robert Louis Stevenson's birth (and that is over a century ago) had been becoming not only a slum but a falling-down slum.

We did face it; and we did talk a good deal about it. But we scarcely did anything about it. It was not until the present Lord Provost Miller took a personal interest in it that something was *really done* about rebuilding the Royal Mile. Now, as a result of his assiduity, the Canongate, possibly the most historic segment of the old residential section of the Royal Mile, is being refurbished so that it will be a living part of modern Edinburgh and not merely a malodorous piece of picturesque decay.

It is fitting that it should be under the Provostship of James Miller that this return to making the "companionable Old Town of Edinburgh" habitable again should have occurred. James Miller began his working life as an architect, but developed into a builder, giving the people between the wars what they wanted in the way of houses. When he was a private individual and not a Lord Provost he did much to spread the growth of new and habitable Edinburgh on the outskirts of the city. Now that he is in office and has power to affect the heart of the city that lies under civic control, he has turned his talents *and his imagination* to making the "Old Town" a place that people can live in and in which they can take a real rather than a sentimental pride. For years past men in Scotland have been talking about the "wheel turning its circle," and the Old Town, which well over 100 years ago had been deserted, becoming a habitable as well as a companionable place. At last Lord Provost James Miller has made that talk into a fact and that dream begin to come true.

In this James Miller is following in the footsteps of a predecessor of his whose name over the centuries is in Edinburgh held in high honour. About the middle of the eighteenth century, when the overcrowding of the "black little old city on the rock" became intolerable, Lord Provost George Drummond, who held office many times between 1725 and 1764, conceived the idea of bursting Edinburgh's bounds and setting her citizens free. The result was that noble experiment in town-planning, the "New Town of Edinburgh"—a large jewel of the best eighteenth-century architecture. It may well be that in helping to bring back people to the even more famous "Old Town," James Miller will leave to posterity a name as famous in Edinburgh annals as that of George Drummond.

It is as if a Lord Mayor of London were to make the "City of London" habitable again and to convert it from a rabbit warren of high commerce to the pleasant place in which Pepys once lived.

One of the most arduous and tiresome of the tasks of Lord Mayors in England and of Lord Provosts in Scotland is the incessant speech-making, and when that Lord Mayor or Provost presides over a capital city, the task includes replying to innumerable toasts to the city, often delivered by foreigners. Jimmie Miller, as he is known to his associates, must have replied to about 200 of such toasts from inhabitants of the U.S.A., France (that's an easy one—shades of the Auld Alliance), and even England. Yet it is remarkable how seldom, if ever, he repeats himself.

While not much given to light conversation in private, he has often amused and startled public audiences by his impish sense of humour in his speeches. His round, dimpling, rather babyish face (looking like a younger and darker and more Latin Churchill) bursts easily into smile upon the public platform. And then the audience knows that the notes are going to be discarded and that they are going to get the Lord Provost's "talk." He usually knows exactly what to do or say upon big occasions, but is not so sure of himself on small ones.

HIS Lady Provost, Mrs. Miller, on the other hand, is perfectly at ease everywhere. The job of being Lady Provost is all but (some would say quite) as important as the official post in the City Chambers. Certainly Mrs. Miller has made her genial, amiable and open-hearted character felt in Edinburgh ever since her husband took office. With her pink-and-white, almost girlish complexion, her always happy and humorous expression, one knows straight away upon meeting her that she is in the best sense one of those "who give themselves away." She is certainly most generous of her personality. She has social talent without having to "look at the book."

The present Provostship of Edinburgh as combined between Mr. and Mrs. Miller is a happy complement of talents.

The Lord Provost is very much a family man as well as a public figure. He and Mrs. Miller have three sons and two daughters. Two of the sons have already surveyed the Scotsman's "Noblest Prospect," for they are at school at Harrow.

Photographed specially for "THE SKETCH" by Harold White, F.I.B.P., F.R.P.S.

MR. and MRS. JAMES MILLER and THEIR THREE SONS

The subjects of our facing article are here at home with their three sons—James, standing, with Roger on his left, Malçolm wearing a kilt and sitting beside his mother. Our photograph was taken at the Millers' flat in Queen's Gate—one of London's few wide, tree-edged roads.

Stock, waistcoat, beaver hat are perfectly 1840 ; only the cigarette bumps us into the present.

The gallant Red Rover passing the Bar at Southampton. Only the barest bumpers of a modern car have dared to strike a 20th-century note.

The Bell is the famous coaching pub at Alresford; here we have a passenger's-eye-view of the equipag[e] as it approaches this haven.

The Watney (Combe and Reid) horses were among the teams ; here are two waiting to take over.

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MORNING .... at 11 o'Clock,

The Proprietors of the Coach particularly request that the Public will order all Parcels for the above Towns to be directed "Per RED ROVER COACH," in order to ensure immediate delivery.

ROBERT GRAY & CO. Proprietors.

The Bolt-in-Tun, old point of departure, is no more ; our trip started from the Stag Brewery.

Arrival at Alresford, and passers-by gang up for the once-familiar sight of the Red Rover, there to change teams and rest the dogged passengers who endured their 8 m.p.h. travel very well.

Mr. Watney presides at lunch, for which a break was made at The Swan at Alton. There were altogether eight stops and a change of horses at each.

BLINKERS, BEAVER[S]

LIKE everything that is past, coaching ha[s] become romantic ; attendant horror[s] are apt to be forgotten and many peopl[e] yearn to have lived one or two hundre[d] years ago when this picturesque method o[f] toiling about the country at eight mile[s] an hour was among the amenities. Las[t] operating in the hungry 'forties, the famou[s] Red Rover coach took to the road again this month, when Mr. Sanders Watney,

By "THE SKETCH" special photograph[er]

Harnessing-up a new and gleaming team at Farnham, cyclists agog and parents trying to explain to their children what it had once all been about.

Cars wait with bated engines as the proud team of horses scrupulously respect the new-fangled white line on the road between Farnham and Normandy ; the poplars in the background were probably saplings in the Red Rover's young days.

All this is going on outside the Jovial Sailor at Ripley just as the coach was setting out on one of its stages. Inhabitants of all the places on the route showed the amazed interest which was reserved for aeroplanes forty years ago.

CLOP OF HOOVES

its brewer owner, organised its trip to Southampton and back. Times, if not record, were average; eight changes of horses were achieved even in these Boucherie Chevaline days; and the whole project was made possible by the help and co-operation of members of the Coaching Club and team owners, including many famous people in the coaching world, Sir Dymoke White among them.

Harold White, F.I.B.P., F.R.P.S.

Some Watney greys step out, with a slight air of surprise at the lightness of the coach behind them compared with their drays.

With legs as timed as Tiller girls' the leaders briskly tackle Richmond Park on the last stage of the return journey. Lengthening shadows add to the stature of the Red Rover and its successful revival; a long trip has been triumphantly made again, to the credit of everyone.

Above: Mr. Eden and his bride leave Caxton Hall Registry Office after their wedding on August 14, both suitably beflowered and smiling in admirable unison. *Below:* Mrs. Jane Delow, a Stepney housewife, is seen rushing upon them to present her own, infallible lucky-charm horseshoe.

EDEN-CHURCHILL WEDDING

Mr. Anthony Eden, Foreign Secretary, has for long stood out from the ruck of our less glamorous politicians as a person of charm and elegance as well as brain; the Prime Minister's niece, Miss Clarissa Churchill, can also claim these three desirable qualities, and the country has been delighted by the marriage of two people it can admire in so many ways.

The reception after the wedding was at No. 10, Downing Street, and here are the happy couple just outside "besieged" by photographers. The former Miss Churchill is the only daughter of the late Major John Spencer-Churchill, brother of the Prime Minister; both sons of the famous late Lord Randolph Spencer-Churchill, son of the seventh Duke of Marlborough and his American wife, originally Miss Jennie Jerome.

The Prime Minister gave a family luncheon-party at 10, Downing Street after the wedding of his niece and his Foreign Secretary. Here is our bluff and brilliant leader with Mrs. Anthony Eden.

Mrs. Churchill, with her two daughters, Mrs. Duncan Sandys and Mrs. Antony Beauchamp, wave good-bye at the end of it all while the desperately earnest camera boys click away as busily as always. Portugal is the place to which the pair were speeding by air for their honeymoon.

Notes and Pictures from Our Social Diary

AUG. 4.—Horse Show Week in Dublin is a sustained peak even for that gay city ; among the evening festivities was the dance Lady Powerscourt gave for her daughter, Miss Grania Wingfield, at the Gresham Hotel. People there, who had been enjoying the splendid endeavours of all nationalities in the show-ring, included Olive, Lady Fitzwilliam, who was Miss Olive Plunket ; Lord and Lady Mount Charles—he is Lord Conyngham's heir, has a very sharp and intelligent-looking nose and lives at Slane Castle, in Meath ; Lord and Lady Donoughmore ; pretty Miss Melissa Wyndham-Quin, Lord Dunraven's daughter ; gay, blonde Lady Oranmore and Browne, sister of Lady Dufferin and Ava and Mrs. Brinsley Plunket, all daughters of Mr. Ernest Guinness ; Lady Deirdre Hare, helping to fly the flag for this year's débutantes ; Lady Templemore ; Mrs. Randall Plunkett, from Dunsany Castle, and the Lords Inchiquin and Talbot de Malahide.

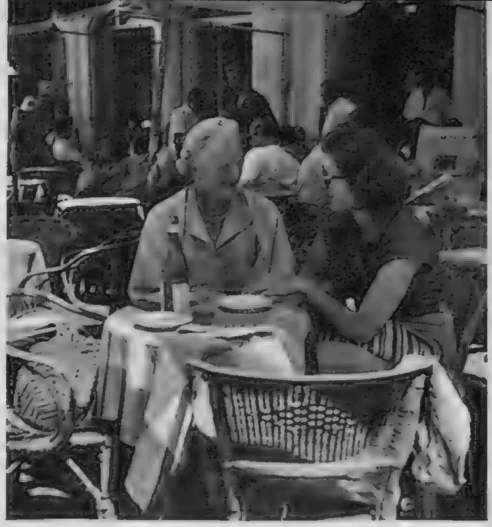
AUG. 8.—Sixty years of anything is worth notice : the third Lord Stradbroke was Master of the Henham Harriers from the 1888 season until the 1948 one. The Acting Master, Hon. Secretary and Huntsman is now Mr. C. N. Smith ; and there was another of those rare but invigorating summer hunt balls at Heveningham Hall, Halesworth, the house of Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Vanneck, brother and sister-in-law of Lord Huntingfield.

Lord Somerleyton, Major-General Sir Allan Adair and Sir Kenneth Harper brought parties ; Miss Belinda Batt, her cousin, Miss Tessa Cobbold, both debs. last year ; Miss Bryony Powell, one of this year's vintage ; Mr. Michael Pratt, Mr. Robert Gurdon, Miss Penelope Englehart, Mr. Brian Robb, who is a Sub-Lieut., and Mr. Simon Wallace were all together. Sir Robert and Lady Gooch brought a party including their daughter, Miss Anne Gooch, over from Benacre Hall. Mr. Charles Bernard, Master of the Easton Harriers, a neighbouring pack, came with his wife and young sister-in-law, Miss Averil Vivian. Miss Judy Holmes, Mr. Nigel Agar, Mr. David Greenacre and his sister, Miss Judith Greenacre, were other young people there. Miss Stella Jebb was dancing with Mr. Adam Butler, and Miss Patricia Barne was with her fiancé, Mr. Richard Taylor.

AUG. 9.—Lady Douro, daughter-in-law of the Duke of Wellington, opened a particularly attractive fête at Stratfieldsaye, in aid of repairs to the unusual church there, which was built in 1784 in faint pursuit of Byzantium, with Greek cross, central cupola and all.

There was a big, lovely, real military band and one of the most attractive things was a Spanish stall, selling objects brought back

(*Continued overleaf.*)



AUG. 5.—SOUTH WIND. Enjoying the prevailing wind on Capri, the island made extra famous by Norman Douglas's famous book, are Mrs. Winston Churchill and her second daughter, Mrs. Antony Beauchamp.

AUG. 7.—BACK TO PERU. Senor Don Ricardo Rivera Schreiber, the late Peruvian Ambassador, returning to a Cabinet post in Peru, leaving Buckingham Palace with his wife after saying good-bye to the Queen.

AUG. 7.—NAVAL GUARD OF HONOUR. Commander Peter Howes, R.N., and Miss Priscilla Heath were married at Holy Trinity Church, Brompton. Both are friends of the Duke of Edinburgh, who went to the wedding.

AUG. 8.—IN THE WEST. At the Honiton and District Show were (*l. to r.*) the Duke of Beaufort, the Duke of Northumberland, Lord Irwin and Sir Peter Farquhar; also masses of people from Devon.

AUG. 8.—STILL FURTHER WEST. Gerald Carew, the younger son of Lord and Lady Carew, on his pony *Flash*, winner of the children's pony class at Dublin Horse Show, with his sister Diana, who also won a prize.

AUG. 8.—SMILING IN THE RAIN. The Queen shaking hands with Major A. W. Leslie of the Black Watch, when she arrived in Scotland with the Duke of Edinburgh and Princess Anne (*left*) and Prince Charles.

AUG. 9.—STRATHPEFFER HIGHLAND GATHERING. Rain prevented nothing at this annual gathering at Castle Leod (*L. to r.*) Miss Serena Peto, Lady Gough, with her ten-year-old son, Lord Gough; Lady Peto and Sir Michael Peto, from Dundonnell.

Notes and Pictures from Our Social Diary

from Spain by the Duke of Wellington and run by the Vicar's daughter and Miss Durnford, splendidly got up as Spanish ladies.

On show was the dazzling coach used by the great, Iron, first Duke at the Coronation of King George IV.; it is all lined with pink silk, and lyrical embroidered roses adorn the top.

AUG. 9.—The customary Highland rain fell only in indulgent patches on the Strathpeffer Games at Castle Leod, the home of Lord and Lady Tarbat. He is Lady Cromartie's heir and was Chieftain of the Games.

Masses of people were there and the strenuous performances of the athletes well up to standard; the usual horse races and show-jumping were included. After the games were over a large crowd of relatives and friends came to Castle Leod for tea, including Lord Tarbat's mother, Lady Cromartie; Sir John and Lady Brooke, Baron and Baroness Stackelberg of Erchless Castle, who brought Signor and Signora Frasso, from Rome—Italian friends who were staying with them; Colonel and Mrs. Hector Macleod, Mr. and Mrs. Eric Linklater and their children, and Lady Gough of Inshes with her young son, Lord Gough. Lord and Lady Tarbat's four-year-old heir, John Mackenzie, was there too; also Lord Tarbat's younger daughter, Miss Gilean Blunt-Mackenzie. The Tarbats' house-party included Commander and Mrs. John Atkinson: he was on leave from the Admiralty. Other MacLeods were Captain John MacLeod, M.P. for Ross and Cromarty, with his wife, twins and friends; and Colonel and Mrs. Olaf MacLeod. People without Macs or Mcs to their names included Sir Michael and Lady Peto, with their daughter, Serena; Mr. Robin and Lady Jean Mackenzie; and Mrs. Henry Hildreth, who competed in the show-jumping.

AUG. 11.—Sarawak, that far and fabulous corner, no longer has a white Rajah, but Lady Brooke, the ex-Ranee, is still writing vigorously under the name of Sylvia Brooke, and was at the cocktail party given by Roderic Owen, author of *Tedder*, which came out last spring. Among other people there were the author's sister, Morvyne, who sings in opera, calling herself Martia Rawnsley, which is her mother's maiden name; Mr. Robin Cornell; Mr. Patrick Anderson, the banker, who is just going to Japan; Mr. Oliver Beckett, Lord Grimthorpe's son, with his good-looking wife; Mr. Hubert Fox and jolly Mr. Mike King-Smith.

AUG. 12.—It is not surprising that grouse taste delicious, considering that they share the heather diet of our most choosey honey-bee: whether the grouse mind having their nubs of

AUG. 9.—GAMES AFOOT. At the Strathpeffer Gathering. (*L. to r.*) Young John Mackenzie, Lord Tarbat's heir, with his half-sister, Miss Gilean Blunt-Mackenzie; Lady Cromartie: her son, Lord Tarbat; Mrs. John MacLeod. Captain John MacLeod and Lady Tarbat.

(*Left.*)
AUG. 12. — DELICIOUS LUNCHES AND DINNERS LAID OUT. Twenty-one-and-a-half brace by midday was the bag at Mr. Freddie Peshall's shoot at Glen Quaich, Perthshire.

(*Right.*)
AUG. 12. — FOUR CHAPS WITH THEIR DOGS. First, Lord Dalkeith, then (*l. to r.*) Mr. Dunlop, who is a Professor, Mr. Douglas Fairbanks and Mr. Dennis Daly.

blossom sucked dry before they get at them remains a mystery—probably the birds, with their larger brains, get there first while the stuff is still in bud.

Grouse, perhaps the most reputable of all game, is becoming more and more fabulously expensive both to shoot and buy—the rent of grouse moors, reckoned at £2 a brace, is some indication of the form. However, this is said to be a good year, and there are certainly plenty of people prowling the moors and crouching patiently in the butts.

In Inverness-shire the Duke of Gloucester has taken a ten-year lease of the Farr Estate; Sir Gladwyn Jebb, Britain's permanent representative to the United Nations, has taken over a short lease of shootings attached to Eilean Algas House on the Lovat estates; he is here on a holiday from Lake Success.

Americans enjoy our Northern sport, and among those with parties for the moors is Mr. Sherbourne Prescott, a member of the New York Stock Exchange, who has rented a house at Blair Findy, Glen Livet, Banffshire. Among his fifteen guests are Mr. Robert McLean, president of Associated Press of America, his wife, their daughter and a friend, Miss Holding; and Mr. William Nicholas, a London banker. Of the six wives in the party, Mrs. Austin Ingleheart will shoot; she has so far only had a crack at quail, deer and duck in the U.S. and Canada.

Most of the moors are now leased to syndicates who share the expenses. Don Juan, hope of the Spanish Royalists, is shooting in the Amulree district; some of Lord Ancaster's Drummond Castle Moor has been taken by the Nawab of Bhopal; Lord Tedder is up at Trinafour; Sir John Heathcoat-Amory is all set at Glenfernate; at Deeside Sir Reginald Manningham-Buller, the Solicitor-General, has taken one of the Invercauld moors; on the Isle of Aran the Duke of Montrose will be shooting over the Kilpatrick and Brodie moors.

Other parties out, apart from those in our photographs, included Lord Strabolgi, Mr. Michael Baillie, Brigadier Rose-Millar and Colonel South, who got 33½ brace while shooting over the Clava Moors. When the Duke of Gloucester went out with his friend, Captain Reid Walker, the party of five guns got a bag of 134 brace; among other good bags were the 60 brace accounted for by Mr. Jack MacLeod, the M.P., Mr. J. W. Hobbs and Mr. Calder on the Meallmore estate; the 52 brace of Vice-Admiral Mackintosh of Mackintosh and his party over Moy Moors; and Mr. Ewan Ormistan, whose party of seven had a bag of over 100 brace on the first day. The first fifty of these were flown to New York in time for Wednesday's dinner at the famous 21 Club.

AUG. 12.—Horses were the theme and the Duke of Beaufort the chief speaker about them at the grand International Horse Show luncheon at the Savoy, which anticipated the show at the White City between August 18 and 23.

The Chilean Ambassador, Senor Don Manuel Bianchi, sat on the Duke's right; among the many other distinguished people there were Lord Cowdray, Colonel C. G. Cubitt and Lord Knutsford.

The dazzling prospect of our three equestrian Olympic Gold Medallists appearing at this, the thirty-third International Horse Show, was held out. The promised great team combined Lieut.-Colonel H. M. Llewellyn on *Foxhunter*, Mr. W. H. White on *Nizefella* and Lieut.-Colonel D. N. Stewart on *Aherlow*.

AUG. 12.—PEEK-A-BOO IN THE BUTTS. Lord Mowbray and Stourton, premier baron and owner of the very longest line of English moustaches, has a crack at the first grouse of the year; right, Mrs. Frank Rhodes.

AUG. 12.—THE GROUSE PITS OF SCOTLAND. Lord Swinton's party. (*L. to r.*) Colonel Deacon, Sir Basil Newton, Lord Swinton, Mr. Douglas, former U.S. Ambassador, Mr. R. A. Butler, Chancellor of the Exchequer, and Colonel Lord Napier.

AUG. 12.—A GOOD CROP OF HEATHER. Splendid quantities of grouse have been battening on the heather harvest and are now ready to offer their delicious flavour to those who can afford it. *Left*, Lady Malvina Murray and Mrs. Eric Penn, who were in the party of Mr. and Mrs. Greville Stewart - Stevens; *right*, Major Noel Jardine-Paterson, of Mr. Tom Burrell's party, with a jolly dog called "Bumble."

Notes and Pictures from Our Social Diary

AUG. 13.—SHOW OF POLO, RIDING, MOUNTAIN AND MOORLAND PONIES. Lord and Lady Digby—he is president of the National Pony Society—watch the comprehensive show at the Roehampton Club.

AUG. 13.—AT PERTH GYMKHANA. Lady Mariota Murray, *left*, daughter of Lord and Lady Mansfield, with Miss Nina Drummond-Hay, daughter of Major and Lady Margaret Drummond-Hay, formerly Douglas-Hamilton.

AUG. 16.—RIPLEY SHOW. Foot-and-mouth disease abolished the cloven-hoof classes, but there were more than 6000 people there. Miss Jean Aykroyd gets her prize from Lady Ingilby for winning the 9 to 14 best rider class.

AUG. 16.—ONLOOKERS AT EDINBURGH. *L. to r.*, the Duke of Edinburgh, Miss Jane McNeill and Lord Dalkeith at Edinburgh Horse Show, which was one of the many first-class things laid on for the Festival.

AUG. 14.—In white, with big, dangling pearl earrings, Mrs. Odette Churchill greeted people at Londonderry House, where plans for the Chopin recital by Malcuzynski in aid of the United Appeal for the Blind were discussed. The recital is to be at the Albert Hall on Friday, October 3, at 7.30 ; Lady Harewood is president of the concert committee and Mrs. Odette Churchill chairman. Among people there were Marie, Lady Willingdon, Lady Kearns, Lady Thomas, Lady McIndoe, Miss Bridget Fane and Mrs. Archie Parker, whose large black hat was heavily studded with pearls.

AUG. 18.—This year more than ever most of those who can are rushing to Spain from both London and Paris, and the favourite resorts are on the Costa Brava and, further south, at Sitges. Mr. Guy McLaren, stepson of New Zealand's Governor-General, Lord Freyberg, motored down from Paris with his pretty Swiss wife, Maryse : he works for Thomas Cook in the gay city. Lady Farquhar, wife of Sir Harold Farquhar, the diplomat, has been staying with the Marquesa de Nájera at her lovely villa on the Ribera beach at Sitges. Other recent visitors have included Father Caraman, editor of *The Month*, and Michael and Chloe McCarthy—she was Chloe Burton.

Vizconde de Güell was seen at Sitges' favourite night-club, the Bar Oliva : he was described by Sacheverell Sitwell, in his book *Spain*, as the "doyen of Barcelona night life"—he is also the doyen of Sitges night life and is to be seen every night at a different gala or private party.

Also chez Oliva were Pedro Pruna, the well-known artist, with his friend Ignacio Agusti, novelist and journalist, on holiday from Madrid with his attractive Majorcan wife, Katin ; Linda White, the American cabaret star who earlier in the evening was singing to a packed audience at the Pergola ; David and Louise Fellowes, with her young son Anthony, on holiday from Eton and very much enjoying his first visit to Spain.

AUG. 18.—A breathless encounter with Mr. Louis Golding gave news of some of his many activities. A uniform edition of his existing works has just been launched ; his next novel, *The Loving Brothers*, comes out in September ; he is now in the middle of the last of his "Elsie Silver" series. He has been spending most of his week-ends with the famous Canon Hutchinson, who was Chaplain to the Sadler's Wells and Old Vic companies, at his boys' home at Norman's Bay, near Pevensey Castle. The famous "Father Hutchinson" originally founded the Training Ships Holiday Home which has been followed by this more general haven for the young in need.

BRIDGET CHETWYND.

AUG. 16.—A NIP FOR THE WINNER. *Christopher Robin*, winner (with Miss Maureen Barrie up) of the Arthur Wood Cup, charmingly drinks a little rain-water before the Duke of Edinburgh presents them with the trophy.

AUG. 19.—MANE IN CURLERS. At the International Horse Show at the White City, Count Orssich, on Mrs. M. de Beaumont's *Honeysuckle*, proud, grey Champion Hack, is presented with the "Moscow" challenge cup by Mrs. V. D. S. Williams.

Photographed specially for "THE SKETCH" by Bassano.

YOUTH AND BEAUTY

The Lady Elizabeth von Hofmannsthal is the second of the Marquess of Anglesey's beautiful sisters. She was a Train-bearer to the Queen at the Coronation of King George VI., and married Mr. Raimund von Hofmannsthal in 1939. She has four sisters, the youngest of whom is the twin of their only brother, the present Marquess.

★ AT THE THEATRE ★

with J. C. TREWIN

The River Line

(Edinburgh Festival)

CHARLES MORGAN'S play, a strange compound of strong drama and metaphysical hair-splitting, sent many people away arguing from its Edinburgh first night. Some held that the pith of the evening was in its second act—told with all Mr. Morgan's power of narrative—when we saw the sudden killing of an English officer suspected of being a German agent. Others believed that the play rested upon its third act, a discussion in a Gloucestershire garden in which Mr. Morgan made his point about the trials of men who " bear their responsibility in the predicament of the world."

For my part, I must confess that only the second act genuinely moved me. It is here that the dramatist shows he can write for the theatre with economy and force. Yet the odd thing is that Mr. Morgan seems to be a dramatist of action only against his will. He is much more interested in abstractions, speculations, the theatre of the mind. In the first and third acts this Mr. Morgan is in full control; we feel ungrateful in murmuring that we are happier elsewhere, in the granary at Toulouse. Certainly, for an hour, everyone in the Royal Lyceum Theatre was watching with rapt attention the little group of men—and one woman—on wartime high adventure. The granary, I must explain, is one of the " stations " of the so-called River Line, the " underground " by which Allied soldiers, sailors, and airmen are borne through Occupied France to the Spanish frontier and safety. There are four officers in hiding when we see the granary: a young and uncompromising American, and three Englishmen—a naval commander, an airman, a young major. Their chief in this desperate operation is the daughter of the house, a Frenchwoman of high courage and ruthless resolution.

Mr. Morgan establishes them for us with rapid strokes. For an hour we live as they do. It is long since I have been held so fiercely. Certainly I shall not forget the sharp stiletto-order, " Kill that man ! " with which the act ends as the men prepare to leave their refuge and the suspected major (suspected falsely) crumples on the floor.

I am not giving away anything here, because this act is a flash-back. Early in a closely-constructed play, in a Gloucestershire garden during 1947, we have already met three of the people and have had some idea of the drama to come. In the third act we are in the garden again; but by then the people appear to me to have lost their eager reality. Mr. Morgan, sensitive craftsman, civilised dramatist though he is, excites me far less with his nice metaphysical distinctions, his exploration in the theatre of the mind, than with his flashing adventure in the theatre of action. It is a pity, because we cannot doubt which of his two rôles Mr. Morgan himself prefers. I have not read the novel from which *The River Line* is adapted; and I am fully prepared to believe that in this the author's more leisurely prose makes an effect that is lost in dramatisation.

The play is acted intensely (if, in the first and third acts, too slowly). Paul Scofield elaborates, with full loyalty to the author, the tough American who has been responsible for the death of the brother of the woman he loves (it might be a coincidence of classical tragedy). Pamela Brown, Virginia McKenna, John Westbrook and Michael Goodliffe all fix their characters in our minds. Miss Brown is especially good in the second act; the Frenchwoman seems to drift a little in the first and third. Miss McKenna copes with a long and difficult speech towards the end, and Mr. Goodliffe is always a sound support. But for me it is Mr. Scofield's night, though here too there is likely to be dissension.

I shall look forward to seeing the piece again when it comes to the Lyric, Hammersmith, on September 2; and I imagine that, by then, the cast and the producer (Michael MacOwan) will have strengthened those testing garden scenes.

The Happy Marriage

(Duke of York's)

I SEEM to remember curiously trivial things from *The Happy Marriage*. Thus I can hear Kay Hammond saying, " How wonderful ! " in a voice like the bubble of a turtle-dove; John Clements replying " Very exhilarating indeed," in the kind of tone he might use for " A great deal of sand in the Sahara "; and Charles Lloyd Pack stabbing out, very simply and very expressively, a sudden " Ah ! "

Maybe I remember Mr. Pack best. He is presenting a psychiatrist; and this farcical comedy, which is based on a French play called *Le Complexe de Philemon*, is, first of all, a satire on psychiatry. Not an angry satire. Indeed, the comedy is no more than a wisp. It reminds me at times, and oddly, of *Private Lives*. Merely, I think, because of the Clements-Hammond way of flipping out the dialogue, back and forth across the net so fast that the eye cannot follow the ball. These players are also skilled in the meaning pause. The author, as he listens to their voices—the bland coo and the flicked answer—must feel happy that his dialogue is so expertly treated. He is, by the way, John Clements himself (I doubt whether much is left of the French original), and he is also the producer. The only thing he has not done is to design the set. This is the work of Laurence Irving; and I do not think there is anything on the West End stage to match the roof-garden in the gold of a summer morning and under the silver of a crescent moon. Behind it is a detailed London townscape that after dark is powdered with a thousand lights.

It is during the morning (and afternoon) that the psychiatrist, a Dr. Protheroe, exercises his art. Charles Lloyd Pack, one of our most inventive comedians, provides the man with a remarkable apparatus of nods, frowns, sibilant exclamations, charged pronouncements. Every word he speaks is oracular. We are terrified to find what can lie at the back of this apparently blissful marriage of Henry and Helen. It took a Dr. Protheroe to " delve into the depths of the psyche." It takes a Mr. Pack to play him. This is a lovely performance: so, too, is Michael Shepley's as a " Charles-his-friend " type, ready to do anything in friendship's name, though he is not used to blundering amorously on a roof-garden (suitably moonlit, and with broadcast music to taste).

Mr. Shepley is the salvation of the third act when the play is almost exhausted. It depends on its other two acts, contrived excellently and pricked with the kind of wit that, though it may look nothing at all on the page, has usually a theatrical tingle. But it may be better to say that the comedy depends very much more on its acting than upon its text. The company acts together as surely as any in London; I have not yet mentioned Frances Rowe, who finds now and then a voice like the clinking of ice in a jug. And there are charged moments for Victor Adams, manservant (ex-R.N.) on embarrassed watch.

I have found it hard to choose the gayest passage in the play. There is a Charles Pack growl; there is the teddy-bear manœuvring of Michael Shepley. But perhaps the crown is the most cheerfully ridiculous telephone call now current. Briefly, it seems for a moment that the happiness of Henry and Helen may depend upon knowing why Henry's sister was not present at his marriage eleven years before. She is removed, protesting, from beneath the drier at a Mayfair hairdresser's—off-stage, unfortunately—to tell her shattered brother that she was merely Helen's chief bridesmaid. To watch Miss Hammond and Mr. Clements at this point is to know what good comic acting can be.

Present and Future

THE new revue at the St. Martins' Theatre—where the odd comedy of *Lion's Corner* came off after its one-night run—has the delightful title of *The Bells of St. Martin's*. It opens on Friday (August 29) with Douglas Byng, Hattie Jacques, Gretchen Franklin, and several others. Francis Essex and Richard Waring have written it, with other material by Sandy Wilson and Jimmy Dyrenforth. The St. Martin's is ideal for intimate revue: we shall hope that the bells are in tune.

MILAN AND ROME

Principals from the Scala, Milan, and the Rome Opera House will sing in the season of Italian opera which Peter Daubeny will present at the Stoll for three weeks from September 15. Tito Gobbi is with the company: he will be Figaro in *The Barber of Seville* (the part he played in the film). Other productions are *La Bohème, Tosca, Madame Butterfly*. There will be fifty-five artists and a specially-formed orchestra of forty. This is only the third time since before the war that London has had Italian opera in full splendour.

"TWO HOURS' TRAFFIC"

The " two hours' traffic of our stage " mentioned in the first Chorus of *Romeo and Juliet* becomes more than three in the uncut version which a famous University group, the Marlowe Society of Cambridge, is doing this week at the Phœnix. (It opened on August 25.) The revival has just had a few nights at the Scala. Besides the cluster of seldom-heard lines, joy for a collector, the revival is likely to be remembered for its fights, " the mad blood stirring." Sword-work impresses more than speech which at times lacks the romantic glow. But it is a production of genuine drive, and it does honour to Cambridge acting.

GETTING AROUND

The opening date of Noël Coward's *Quadrille* (Phœnix), with Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne, is Friday, September 12. . . . On September 15 the Old Vic *Romeo and Juliet* (which will have had its première at the Edinburgh Festival) begins in Waterloo Road. . . . Dodie Smith's *Letter from Paris*, due in London shortly, with Brenda Bruce, is adapted from Henry James's novel, *The Reverberator*. . . . David Farrar and Edana Romney are touring in " George Preedy's " *Royal Command* (once *Captain Banner*) before London revival. . . . George Howe is to appear as Pickwick in a New York production of Stanley Young's piece.

A scene from Act I., Scene I. Marie is trying to explain their joint emotional problems to Julian, *left*, and Philip, *right*.

Valerie is telling Philip of the very close link there had been between herself and her dead twin brother ; Philip begins to realise it is he who has killed him.

A scene in the old granary in France during the war. Heron, Valerie's brother, is wrongly suspected of being an enemy agent, and Marie orders his death.

In the last act Marie tells Philip, who loves Valerie but is tortured with guilt at having killed her twin, that Valerie loves him.

THE RIVER LINE

MR. CHARLES MORGAN gathers prestige assiduously ; his latest play, first presented at the Lyceum Theatre, Edinburgh, on August 18, and reviewed on opposite page, is *The River Line*, which was the name given to one of the escape routes used by Allied airmen who had been shot down over enemy territory. In the first and third acts the characters are coping with the post-war world in England ; the second act presents their dangerous days in France. Pamela Brown plays Marie Chassaigne, in charge of the relevant sector of the line during the war ; Paul Scofield is Philip Sturgess, one of the airmen in her care ; Michael Goodliffe plays Julian ; Virginia McKenna, Valerie ; and John Westbrook her twin brother Heron. Michal MacOwan produced, and the play is due at the Lyric, Hammersmith, next Tuesday (September 2).

The past is over ; even if the killing of the innocent Heron by Philip can never be forgotten, he and Valerie love each other and are together.

Colonel and Mrs. Fraser in the drawing-room of their own home. A charming characteristic of these houses occupied by the Military Knights is that the fronts face St. George's Chapel whilst the backs overlook Windsor Park.

The Military Knights' houses in Lower Ward. Here, Colonel Fraser is admiring the roses by his own front gate. The Governor of the Military Knights resides at Mary Tudor Tower, visible just down the hill from Colonel Fraser's house.

The commencement of this ancient ceremonial
up in procession in the North Aisle of St. Ge
march to the Chapel. The last pair have just
helmet can be seen above them.

The Military Knights of Windsor

By the late Brig.-General R. T. Pelly, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., Military Knight of Windsor.

THE interest of visitors attending Sunday matins in St. George's Chapel, Windsor Castle, is stimulated when, a few minutes before the service is due to begin, the congregation rise from their seats as a small body of veteran warriors, resplendent in uniforms of scarlet and gold, march in to occupy their stalls in the Choir. These are the Military Knights of Windsor, founded in the year 1348 and thus one of the most ancient military brotherhoods surviving to-day.

During the wars waged in France by King Edward III. and his son, the Black Prince, a number of English knights were taken prisoner by the French and, as was the custom in those days, were held to ransom. These extortions so impoverished them that on their return home they were no longer able, as the King expressed it, "to live in proper knightly estate." Being an admirer of military valour, the King felt pity for these unfortunates and, to ease their lot, founded a body which he named The Knights of Windsor, providing a pension for twenty-four of them, together with living quarters in Windsor Castle.

Nine months later he instituted that illustrious order of chivalry, the Most Noble Order of the Garter; and he incorporated in it The Knights of Windsor, upon whom he imposed the duty and privilege of representing the Knights of the Garter in the Chapel of the Order when the latter were not present at the services. This they have done ever since; and in addition, on occasions of ceremonial within the Castle, the Military Knights lead the procession of the Most Noble Order.

Until the reign of King William IV. they were known variously as the Knights of Windsor, the Alms Knights, or the Poor Knights. This last appellation seeming somewhat derogatory, King William IV. changed their designation to the Military Knights of Windsor, and it was he who gave them the uniform which they wear to-day.

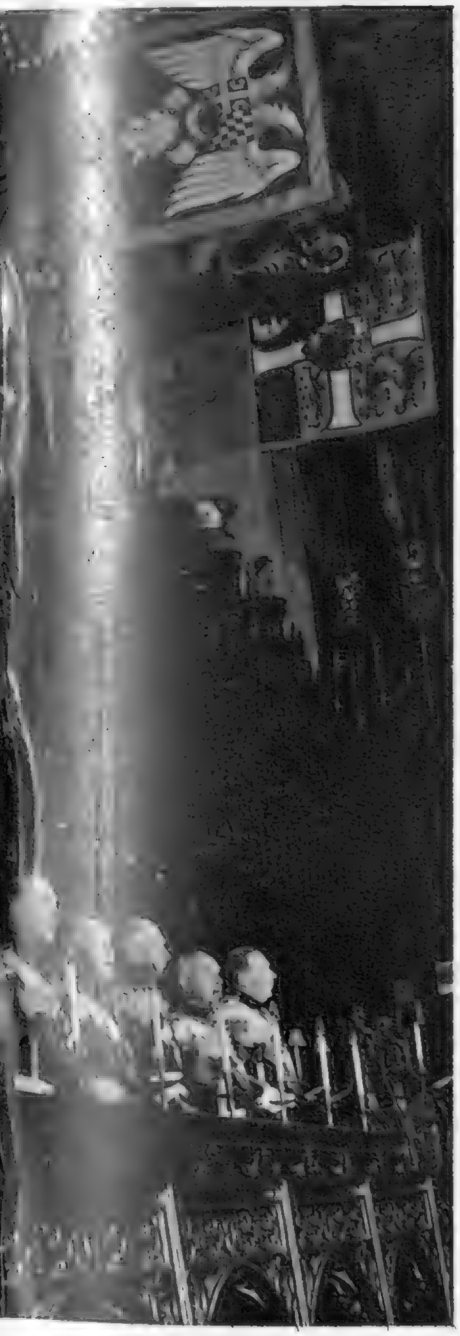
Owing to the increased cost of living, an Act of Parliament was passed in 1919 designed "to make amendments to the Constitution and Endowments of the Military Knights of Windsor." By this Act the establishment was reduced to thirteen, one of whom is their Governor. Appointments to the body are made by the Sovereign from Officers on the Retired List of the Army.

Off duty. Major Clough provides a happy method of transporting an old and faithful friend.

Right:
The Military Knights have taken their places for the service. The banners of living Knights of the Garter hang resplendent above them and brass plates bearing the arms of both past and present Knights of the Garter adorn the panelling behind them. The banners visible in this photograph, *l. to r.*, are those of H.R.H. Prince Paul of Yugoslavia, H.M. King Leopold of Belgium and H.M. King Frederick of Denmark. The Military Knights, *l. to r.*, are: Lieut.-Colonel J. M. Mackenzie, D.S.O., Major D. P. J. Collas, Colonel J. A. Fraser, D.S.O., O.B.E., D.C.M., Lieut.-Colonel L. W. La T. Cockraft, D.S.O., M.V.O., Colonel A. H. Haywood, C.M.G., C.B.E., D.S.O., Major H. K. Clough, O.B.E., Lieut.-Colonel C. L. Hodgson, Major-General E. Hakewill Smith, C.B., C.B.E., M.C., who is Governor.

ition. The Military Knights have formed
ge's Chapel and have started their slow
ed the tomb of King Edward IV., whose
Governor brings up the rear.

The congregation has risen as the Military Knights enter the Chapel and as they pause before the altar prior to moving into their traditional stalls, their brilliant scarlet uniform with the gold epaulettes and the white crossbelt bearing the Star of the Order of the Garter, the black head-dress with its red and white plumes, and the white doeskin gloves form a striking contrast with the dark and sombre oak panelling of the Chapel and a happy complement to the gleaming banners which hang from their supports above the panelling. On the left of the doorway is the Sovereign's Stall.



On special ceremonial occasions the Military Knights march out in formation from the West Door of St. George's Chapel—as, for example, on the occasion of the Garter Ceremony, when, incidentally, the Knights enjoy the privilege of leading the procession. Here we have an informal group on the steps with the Governor standing between Colonel Fraser and Colonel Hodgson, on the right of the picture.

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO . . .

MR. PATRICK IDE : For an ingenious method of collecting precious holiday francs.

While on holiday in Brittany, Mr. Ide, of the Old Vic management, took his fourteen-year-old car in for a motor gymkhana. He took third prize, value 300 francs, in the egg-and-spoon race, and then won another 500 francs for driving the car while holding a glass of water out of the window! But did the gallant old car get anything out of it?

MR. J. H. HAYHURST : For shooting a winning line in England's oldest sporting contest—the "Antient Scorton" Arrow—at his first attempt.

In this famous 280-year-old archery competition, the winner is the first man to pierce a 3-inch circle drawn inside the centre gold of the target. Mr. Hayhurst (*left*), who competed against seventy rivals at Harrogate, becomes this year's Captain of the Arrow, and is seen here being congratulated by the past Captain, Mr. F. Newbould.

ELAINE FIFIELD : For appearing in gala ballet in Denmark without disappointing the Sadler's Wells patrons.

After next Saturday's matinee at Sadler's Wells, ballerina Elaine Fifield, her husband John Lanchbery (*left*), who conducts the orchestra, and danseur David Poole fly to Copenhagen for the gala opening of the Royal Danish Ballet, returning for Monday evening's performance at Sadler's Wells.

MANDY MILLER : For putting in some homœopathic practice to avoid getting her head turned.

Mandy, who received a pæan of praise from critics and filmgoers for her performance in the film *Mandy*, stays quite unspoilt and loves messing about outdoors.

GERALYN DONALD : For being the first American ballet student to be accepted by the Sadler's Wells Ballet School.

Geralyn Donald, who will set a precedent by becoming Sadler's Wells Ballet School's first American student, is from Portland, Oregon.

EDDY MERKY : For adding a touch of variety to the tedious business of queueing.

Eddy Merky, a circus entertainer, gets his feet up and relaxes with a newspaper while waiting for a bus in Frankfurt's rush-hour.

ANNA NEAGLE and THE COCHRAN TOUCH

After re-creating for us the Diamond Jubilee of our longest-lived Queen—and, indeed, shuffling in bombazine through most phases of the great Victoria's reign—Miss Anna Neagle has now gone gay, setting the sky as the limit for her whirling skirts. She is photographed singing and dancing again on the stage of the Palace Theatre, Manchester, where she made her début twenty-three years ago as Marjorie Robertson, a Cochran young lady. She is starring in a new show, *The Glorious Days*, which is touring the provinces before coming to London.

Some of the drivers in the Jaguar team looking splendidly detached before the race : *L. to r.*, Duncan Hamilton, Anthony Rolt, Ian Stewart, Stirling Moss and P. Whitehead.

This *News of the World* international car race started off with the usual b-r-rp, b-r-rp, as inspiring to motorists as bagpipes are to Scotsmen.

Night re-fuelling at the pits gloriously recalls *Vile Bodies* and the moment when Miss Runcible, who had been given an armband to get in with, responded to the cry for "Spare driver !" with "It 's on my arm."

An hurrooshing moment during the race : G. A. Ruddock (*left*) is driving his Lester M.G. bonnet to bonnet with F. C. Davis in his Cooper M.G.

BRITISH SUCCESS IN

NIGHT DRIVING and endurance were the two main tests set by the new B.A.R.C. International nine-hour race at Goodwood organised by the *News of the World*, and these two points link the race with the famous Le Mans road circuit, won so gloriously by the Bentley teams in the 'twenties. This new event at Goodwood was a great success and crammed with drama ; even the elements played their part, as the now fabulous

Up in flames ! Reginald Parnell's Aston Martin blazes excitingly in the pits : everyone was very sorry in spite of the drama. The accident happened when the car was re-fuelling.

The crowd swims by in a blur for the winning Aston Martin, driven by Peter Collins and P. W. C. Griffith, final winners of this long and exacting test.

OUR FIRST "LE MANS"

West Country storms got near enough to Sussex to make the course jolly wet to begin with. The result was a triumph for British drivers in a British car—Peter Collins and P. W. C. Griffith winning the race in an Aston Martin D.B.3 by two laps from T. Cole and A. G. Whitehead in their Italian Ferrari ; another Ferrari taking third place. Drama included the going up in flames of the Parnell-Thompson Aston Martin.

Interest in motor-racing grows all the time and becomes more and more general. From the man-in-the-street to the man-in-the-night-joint (and his moll) it has become a centre of intense interest.

Hawaii had nothing on the final reception of the winning drivers, P. W. C. Griffith (*left*) and Peter Collins, who thrust their Aston Martin to a resounding victory. Here they are being congratulated by Mrs. W. Emsley Carr.

Mr. and Mrs. Kai Yin Chau at the reception after the ceremony, waiting to receive their many guests.

The smiling, tulle-and-flower-bedecked bridesmaids—Miss Mary Ho and Miss Mona Leong.

The bride spans half the hemisphere for her change of clothes ; here she is in her lovely Eastern dress, heavily embroidered and traditionally shaped.

EASTERN WEDDING

BEAUTIFUL Miss Mary Sau Yin Lo was married to Mr. Kenneth Kai Yin Chau at St. George's Church, Hanover Square, on Friday, August 15. For the ceremony both wore Western dress, but for the reception at Grosvenor House, Park Lane, the twenty-four-year-old bride changed into a splendid

Specially photographed for "THE

Bride, bridegroom and bridesmaids receive the guests. Sir Selwyn Selwyn-Clarke shakes hands with Mr. Kenneth Kai Yin Chau.

The bride (now West—now East) and bridegroom toast the guests.

The courtesy of the Chinese is famous, especially towards their relations and the ancestors whom they worship. *Left:* The bride and her new father-in-law exchange greetings ; and (*right*) she hands Mrs. Chau a Chinese cup of China tea.

The Archdeacon of Middlesex, the Ven. Hon. S. H. Phillimore, greeting the lovely bridesmaids as he arrived with other guests

Dr. and Mrs. S. N. Chau, parents of the bridegroom, dancing together at the reception ; he is an eye specialist and member of the Hong Kong Legislative Council.

IN THE WEST END

gold-and-silver Eastern gown which took two months to make and cost £350. The bridesmaids wore very pretty Western dresses ; at the long and lavish reception there was a most successful and varied mingling of Oriental and Occidental customs and pleasures.

SKETCH" by *Chris Ware.*

The bride throws her bouquet to the happily laughing bridesmaids, already lavishly beflowered and looking like exquisite characters from an Edmund Dulac fairy-tale.

The bride, a delicate and gleaming decoration on her dark hair, dances (*left*) with Sir Alexander Grantham, Governor of Hong Kong, where Dr. Chau is a member of the Legislative Council, while the bridegroom (*right*) takes the floor with Lady Grantham.

Sir Alexander Grantham greets the former Chinese Ambassador, Dr. Cheng, one of many distinguished guests.

TALKING OF TELEVISION

By Cyril Butcher

THE B.B.C. is perfectly entitled to a meed of self-satisfaction on the timely completion of the last link in the nation's television chain. Much fuss has been made over the fact that the service is now available to 80 per cent. of the population, and that this represents a larger national coverage than that of any other country, including the U.S.A. This is a little unfair on the Americans, who have built hundreds of stations and have criss-crossed their vast territory with television networks, serving an audience which completely overshadows ours. However, let us be grateful for the new transmitter at Wenvoe, which covers the West of England and South Wales.

But we trust that the B.B.C. will bring their self-satisfaction to a hideous full-stop and indulge in a self-abnegatory shudder when they look back upon the inaugural ceremony at Wenvoe. That attending the opening of the Kirk o' Shotts transmitter was bad enough, but the latest effort hit what we trust will be an all-time low. It was sheer lack of imagination to stage it out of doors in one of the wettest districts of the British Isles. And that same lack of imagination made the ceremony merely embarrassing instead of, as it should have been, dignified and inspiring. Our lasting memory of the occasion is of the Postmaster-General, Earl De La Warr, ploughing through his speech in the pelting rain and of the uninspiring rendition of the National Anthem by the Morriston Orpheus Male Choir, some of whose members saw fit to sing it wearing their hats and with their hands in their pockets. What sort of independence of spirit this was intended to convey was not made clear; but it was certainly appalling manners.

Later that same evening Lady Megan Lloyd George was responsible for one of the best broadcasts in the *Speaking Personally* series which we have seen. But the burthen of her talk is one which we cannot leave unchallenged, for it raised a very important point.

To put it briefly—and we hope fairly—Lady Megan sees a danger to the regional spirit and life of the various nations which make up Great Britain, in the fact that television programmes are "centralised in London." She sees a threat to the Welsh language and to Welsh institutions, like the Eisteddfod, by the overlaying, *via* television, of purely English culture. "I hope we shan't rest until each separate nation in these islands has a television station of its own—and so I say in this important matter—Scots, English, Welsh and Irish, let us unite to separate!" she concluded.

This, of course, is Lady Megan's personal opinion; but, in our view, coming from a lady of such distinction and persuasion, also a very dangerous one. In these alarming times it is more vital than ever that the entire British nation should show a united front against the dangers and difficulties that beset us. A slump or a war does not hit England alone. It hits Wales, Ireland and Scotland with equal ferocity, and no amount of nationalistic ostrichism will avail. We are all in the same boat and unless we all pull together we shall get rapidly nowhere. Only a united Britain can prevail, and that means a united sympathy, which television can do more than any other medium to promote.

On the other hand, Lady Megan is less than fair to the B.B.C. when she complains, in advance, that Welsh national interests will be ignored by television. She might, before making her strictures, have consulted her *Radio Times* and found that, among other items of Welsh interest, there was a special film scheduled for the following evening, about the Eisteddfod, *The Heart of a Nation*. She is also wrong in assuming that this great event is of importance solely to Wales. It is a matter of pride to the whole of Britain.

Further, she might have paid heed to some of the past pronouncements of the B.B.C. that, as soon as is possible, regional colour will be infiltrated into television programmes from the various transmitting centres. Lady Megan must be a little patient. Studios and television equipment do not materialise out of thin air, at the bidding of a magician's wand. Meanwhile let us assure her—our knowledge coming from conversations on the subject with George Barnes and others—that Welsh, Irish, and Scottish national pride will not be ignored by that Great Menace, London.

From national controversy to racial controversy leads us to *The Same Sky*, by Yvonne Mitchell, which deals with the problems that face a Jewish girl when she falls in love, and wants to marry, a Gentile boy. One could quote an infinite number of titles on the same basic theme, but very few which have been written with equal skill and sympathy. Miss Mitchell's triumph as a playwright was further embellished by her brilliant performance in the leading part. Hers is a technique of naturalness combined with utter sincerity, and it left us breathless. But before getting too puffed we must also pay tribute to the fine performances of Joan Miller, George Colouris and Ronald Howard—also to the sympathetic production of Messrs. Dennis Vance and Peter Cotes.

We had intended to draw a polite veil over Joy Harington's serial adaptation and production of the Robert Louis Stevenson book *Kidnapped*. It struck some rocky patches which were much less yielding than some of the studio reproduction of Highland scenery, and it was distinguished by some rarely bad television acting in accents ranging from genuine Scottish, through Irish, Welsh, Cockney, to what sounded like Finnish. But we cannot pass over the performance of John Fraser in the leading part without hailing a young actor of sincerity and charm, whom somebody should make it their business to make into a star.

Nor must we pass over the all-too-frequently-ignored folk, the old people. They were a subject of a most heartrending documentary, *The Declining Years*, a subject most tenderly handled by Caryl Doncaster to the script of Patricia Evans, who will do much better if she concentrates on the human side of her problems and restricts her self-conscious eulogies of the Welfare State. Of the performers we single out Katie Johnston, J. H. Roberts and a delicious miniature of aged rascality by Deidre Doyle.

Tess of the D'Urbervilles, Ronald Gow's play based on the Thomas Hardy story, came from the Theatre Royal, Bristol. For all we care it might have stayed there, for modern television drama technique has quite outmoded outside broadcasts from a theatre performance. We sincerely hope that this sort of programme will die a natural death. The television camera exposes stage technique in all its artifice and overstress; which is a pity, because that ancient art should never be allowed to lose its magic. In passing, may we urge producers, and others responsible for the casting of plays, that television will benefit by the repeated appearance of Barbara Jefford? Among an uninspiring cast she alone seemed to be aware that she was not playing only to an audience, but to a nation.

Wenvoe, the latest and last link in the present British television network, had an unfortunate inauguration. At 50 kw., serving the West Country and South Wales, it is one of the four most powerful transmitters in the world.

WATCHING BRIEF

Highlights of the Next Fortnight

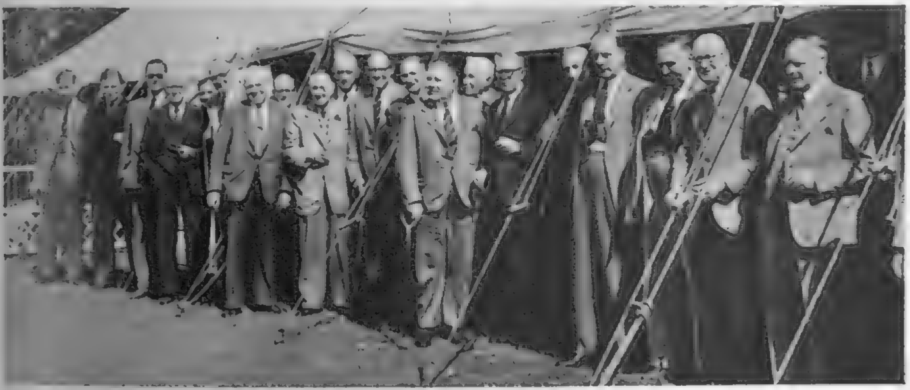
TO-DAY the Radio Show at Earl's Court will begin its intrusion into the schedules for eight performances, from a specially built studio. The fare is on the light side, but if you like that sort of thing, the programmes *look* like being fairly painless. Anyway, you 'll be able to see Carl Brisson to-night; Vic Oliver, Tom Arnold, Naunton Wayne and Fay Compton on the 30th; Sir Malcolm Sargent and Christopher Stone in *Music for You* on September 1; and Hermione Gingold with Jimmy James in *Music for Who* (the lack of grammar is the B.B.C.'s) on September 4.

But if your tastes tend in the direction of more serious things, there is a documentary in the shape of the *Family Doctor* on September 3, produced and written—in collaboration with Cormac Swan—by Robert Barr. And—Lady Megan Lloyd George please note—*The Heart of a Nation* will be repeated on August 29, in the afternoon.

Drama will be represented by *Larger than Life*, by Guy Bolton (September 2), based on the Somerset Maugham novel *Theatre*, starring Jessie Royce Landis; *The Portugal Lady*, a new play by Mabel Constanduros (August 31 and September 4), and others which space prevents mentioning.

During one of the rare sunny patches, spectators watch play between Gloucestershire and the Indian touring team, who are batting. In the background, the Cheltenham College chapel and dining-hall brood on bygone days.

On the *left* (*l. to r.*) are Colonel H. A. Henson (County Secretary) ; Mrs. T. L. Thompson (Mayoress of Cheltenham) ; Sir Leslie and Lady Boyce ; Mr. F. O. Wills (Chairman, Gloucester C.C.C.) ; Mr. V. S. Hazare (captain, Indian team) ; Councillor T. L. Thompson (Mayor of Cheltenham) ; Sir Derrick Bailey (captain, Gloucester team) ; Mr. Pankaj Gupla (manager, Indian team) ; Alderman V. J. Ross (Lord Mayor of Bristol) ; and the Duke of Beaufort. (*Right*) Some of the members of the "New" Club gossip outside their private tent.



People waiting for lunch among the guy-ropes were these members of the Cheltenham Union Club, which also had a special tent.

Mrs. Rodney Brown watched the cricket from the front row with her brother, Colonel H. A. Henson, who is secretary of the County Cricket Club.

CHELTENHAM CRICKET FESTIVAL

CRICKET is so much part of the traditional English scene that the summer would be sadly incomplete without it. Between August 9 and 19 many enthusiasts of our national game gathered at Cheltenham for the annual County Cricket Festival. Started in 1878, it has gone on year after year every August on the Cheltenham College ground : very dreamy and suitable for this most peaceful of games. Gloucestershire played the Indian touring team, Leicestershire and Warwickshire, and although some of the matches were interrupted by the weather, which at times was particularly spiteful, there was some interesting play. As usual, people made the festival quite a social as well as a sporting event ; on the opening day the Mayor entertained the teams and important guests, and there was much bustling in and out of the private tents set up by many of the social clubs in the town.

Right. As a seasonal respite from pursuing foxes, Lord Ashton of Hyde, who is an M.F.H., takes a keen interest in watching Gloucestershire playing the Indians.

OUR BOOKSHELF

THE SECOND WORLD WAR. Vol. V.: Closing the Ring. By Winston S. Churchill. *(Cassell; 30s.)*
CHANCE ACQUAINTANCES. By Colette. *(Secker and Warburg; 12s. 6d.)*
TWO SHADOWS PASS. By Clifford King. *(Hart-Davis; 10s. 6d.)*
MURDER BY PROXY. By Helen Nielsen. *(Gollancz; 9s. 6d.)*

by RUPERT CROFT-COOKE

AS the volumes of Mr. Churchill's war memoirs have appeared it has become increasingly evident that the reviewer can do little more than summarise the contents of each of them. The lucid yet sonorous style, the varied and comprehensive documentation, the compulsion and sweep of the work as a whole are all too well known to demand new tributes for *Closing the Ring*, the fifth volume, now published. It covers a period from June 1943 to June 1944, and tells the whole story of the invasion first of Sicily then of Italy. It describes the desperate antics of Mussolini before and during his pitiful "hundred days." It gives an unprejudiced account of British and American relationships with de Gaulle and the series of dispatches exchanged by President Roosevelt and Mr. Churchill on this thorny subject. It describes "the painful episodes of Rhodes and Leros," which constituted "happily on a small scale, the most acute difference I ever had with General Eisenhower," for Mr. Churchill had long wanted the Ægean Islands seized while their Italian garrisons were willing to surrender to the Allies. There is a grimly fascinating chapter on Hitler's "secret weapon," showing how our successful though costly raid on the German V-1 and V-2 base at Peenemünde delayed plans which might have had a dangerous, even deadly, effect on our invasion efforts. The Arctic convoys are again discussed and, in the greatest detail, all the momentous discussions at the meeting of the Big Three at Teheran. There are highly interesting exchanges of messages between Mr. Churchill and Marshal Tito which show the latter as being frank and uncompromising in his dealings when deception and a show of acquiescence might have served his aims better. The strategy against Japan and the war in Burma are fully described and the preparations for D-Day are begun. There are a number of valuable appendices, including one on the release of the Mosleys. One reads with a sense of mounting always towards a great climax, and the next volume in the series will be the most fateful.

A NEW book by Colette, *Chance Acquaintances*, consists of two long short stories, and if it is the reader's aim to enjoy a good book, in a phrase passing undeservedly out of common usage, here, very lavishly, is his opportunity. The first story, "Julie de Carneilhan," is a character-sketch of an understandable, indeed a lovable woman who finds herself drawn into partnership with her ex-husband in order to swindle his present wife. Julie, with her slap-dash enthusiasms, living in an awful little Paris flat in which a hideous Bohemianism has to do service for good taste and comfort, Julie hating herself for hobnobbing with her stolid young lover and his friends, planning to cook herself charming meals and then unable to bother with them, keeping her beautiful figure in spite of a rackety life and never quite forgetting the home of the Carneilhans, in which her family have lived for generations and in which she was brought up—Julie is an intensely live and exciting person. Her ex-husband, the Comte d'Espivant, is a vain, charming, acquisitive creature, trying to be ambitious, a sulky valetudinarian whom Julie has never quite ceased to love. We meet also Julie's brother Leon, who cares most of all for his horses, and through him Julie gains peace of mind. The second story in the book is more characteristically Colette, a study of a married couple told as though it really had been an episode in the writer's own life. Colette has been lent a villa near a French health resort but finds when she reaches the place that she meets Gerard Haume and his invalid wife and becomes fascinated by their strange relationship. She is soon involved in their lives. These people are almost too real and in presenting them Colette allows herself no strong pattern or climax—she chatters away about them as though artlessly, yet with marked effect. Both stories are as good as anything by this most keen-sighted of modern French writers.

MR. CLIFFORD KING'S first novel received high praise, but his second, *Two Shadows Pass*, will seem disappointing to those who expected from him the unusual in form and subject. It is the story of a young painter who knows his work to be mediocre and all but unsaleable and wants money for the sake of a woman with whom he believes himself in love. He is approached by an elderly crook on the presentation of whose character Mr. King spends a great deal of time and trouble, but to little effect, for at the end of this brief novel the man Lant remains as shadowy and commonplace as he would no doubt wish to appear. This is the chief failure of the author, for the whole thing is intended to show how one man, young, sensible, ambitious, can be so dominated by another, greedy, self-pitying, cynical towards others, that he betrays his friends, forgets his art and engages in a dangerous and wicked traffic in the older man's service. This would be all very well if we could see any reason for it, if Lant existed as a powerful or a fateful man or if the young painter were shown as weak or money-loving. But the crook remains petulant and charmless and the painter dully acquiescent. A great deal of the action takes place in Marseilles and the city is conveyed with street-map accuracy rather than with any appreciation of its atmosphere. There are gun-running incidents on the African coast and a final murder which no one will regret. There is a Prologue, written by the painter as an old man, famous, healthy and happily married to a young wife, in which he looks back thirty years to the events of this novel. As these take place in 1949 the Prologue is so much in the future—a clumsy device for which I see no necessity since the story gains nothing from it. Altogether a poor second novel but not one to obliterate expectations, by any means. Mr. King has a gift of taut and well-placed story-telling and, given a larger and more compelling theme, will, I think, write very well indeed.

ANOTHER second novel which does not seem quite to come up to expectation is Miss Helen Nielsen's *Murder by Proxy*. I liked her first, a thriller called *The Kind Man*, and I began this one with keen expectations. For a time these were not disappointed, for it opens neatly enough with an ex-G.I. named Casey, good, brave and drunk, being approached in a bar by a young woman whose eyes are "like purple smoke," who offers him 5000 dollars to marry her that afternoon. The dialogue is the slap-happy, tit-for-tat stuff for which Miss Nielsen has a not too unusual gift. "You shouldn't be so surly. I might be Miss Opportunity knocking at your door." "Not a chance. The last time Miss Opportunity knocked I let her in. Now I don't even have a door." But from this promising opening the suspense declines. There is a murder of which the reader knows nothing except from newspaper reports, but which happened after Casey had met Phyllis and while he was still drunk. Moreover, it was Phyllis's father who was murdered. For a moment it seems that Miss Nielsen means to try to work up suspense on this ancient basis and make us wonder whether Casey has done it himself, but she soon grows tired of this and turns to the possibility of his being the victim of an elaborate frame-up. One way or another events go on without much mystery about the truly guilty one, whose identity is too plain from the title. It moves fast enough and it is proficiently readable, but it lacks that steely grip on the reader's curiosity which the best crime fiction, lacking other appeal, should have.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

WITHOUT PREJUDICE.
By Gerard Fairlie. *(Hodder and Stoughton; 12s. 6d.)*

In the foreword to this book, the author, the "original" of Bulldog Drummond and the friend and collaborator of "Sapper," says that this autobiography was written entirely for his own pleasure. . . . We got a lot of fun out of it too.

THE RELUCTANT HEALER.
By W. J. Macmillan. *(Gollancz; 13s. 6d.)*

This tells the story of the mental and spiritual conflict that follows when an ordinary human being discovers that he possesses one of the most powerful healing gifts this century has known.

THE DEAD VOICE.
By Cecil M. Wills.
(Hodder and Stoughton; 10s. 6d.)

A whodunit in which two policemen lose their holiday in Malta and get tied up in solving the Stannaway case. Not a bad story, but it tends to get a little too involved at times.

MESENTENTE CORDIALE.
By Nadia Legrand and Roland Gant.
(Jarrolds; 12s. 6d.)

Comparisons and contrasts between the French and the English with all that they do and don't mean to one another looked at, maybe laughed at and perhaps commented upon with tongue in cheek.

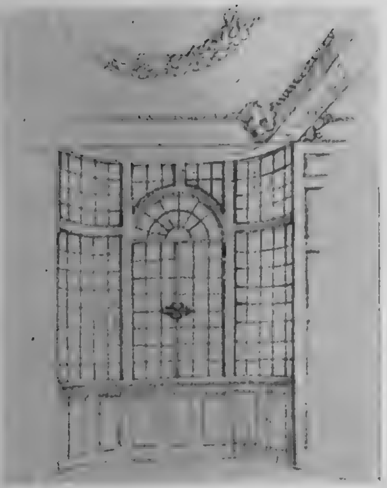
STEAMBOAT GOTHIC.
By Frances Parkinson Keyes.
(Eyre and Spottiswoode; 13s. 6d.)

Another splendid epic of the Deep South from Frances Parkinson Keyes. Everything goes dreadfully wrong for thousands and thousands of words, almost like real life; most of this proves to be for the best in the end, which cannot be over-plugged as an attitude of mind.

THE LIZARD LIFEBOATS, 1859-52.
By F. G. Chapman. *(F. G. Chapman, Polpeor, The Lizard, South Cornwall; 1s. 6d.)*

The story of the lifeboats always makes fascinating reading and the more baldly the tale is told, the more romantic it becomes. Here we find factually and simply recorded the story of the lifeboats at one of the most hazardous spots on our coast—a story which seems to be epitomised in the laconic Service Board entry: "1952. *January 10th. S.S. Flying Enterprise. Stood by vessel.*" (The crew had been out 17½ hours, lost a night's sleep, had no food, been battered about by the violence of the sea and been wet through to the skin for hours on end . . . and four hours after they had pulled away from the vessel through lack of fuel, she went down.)

Proceeds from the sale of this booklet are to be used in support of the Lifeboat Service—is there a worthier cause?—and *Sketch* readers have their own link with the Lizard Lifeboats through our theatre critic, J. C. Trewin, who is president of the branch.



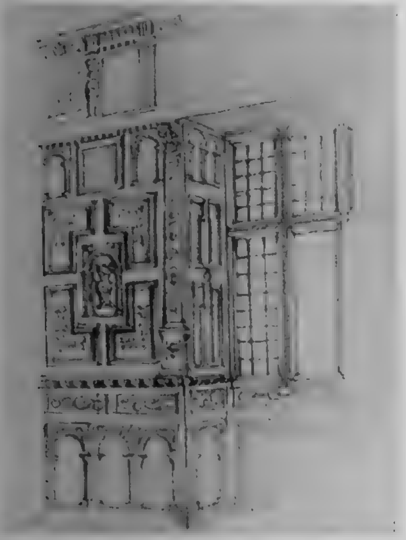
Four walls—and adorning windows too, not to speak of ceilings. A corner of Sparrow House, Ipswich.

"Chinoiserie" was an eighteenth-century mania; the Chinese Chippendale which began it was soon creeping up and over the walls; our picture, at Ramsbury, in Wiltshire, shows the squire and his brood completely hemmed in by the Oriental fancies of their time.

Doors, so functional, can be beautiful too. This one is discreet beneath the broken pediment of its period.

Four Walls Adorned

Life as we have designed it for ourselves encloses us, most of the time, between four walls; ideas for their adornment seem, on the whole, to have deteriorated during successive centuries. In her book *Four Walls Adorned*, recently published by Methuen at 37s. 6d., Iris Brooke gives us very interesting examples of how people have made their voluntary confinement easy on the eye through the centuries.



Here, surrounded by carved oak and painted designs, are the stone mullioned windows of the early seventeenth-century Chastleton House.

Chimney-pieces had a moment of being almost like entrances to cathedrals. This one, *circa* 1540 and known as the "Holbein," is a detail at Reigate Priory.

★ AT THE CINEMA ★

with C. A. LEJEUNE

Room For One More

(Leicester Square Theatre)

THE posters of *Room for One More* exhort us, "Make room for your happiest grins and your longest laughs!" It is almost impossible to believe that such an admonition applies to a film based on a non-fiction book by a woman of extraordinary courage, enterprise and serious social purpose, describing her own experiences in providing a foster-home for "problem" children. But so it is. Truly the ways of Hollywood are wonderful.

Young Mr. and Mrs. Rose, played in the film by Cary Grant and Betsy Drake, decide it is their duty to "extend the family group" by taking in these difficult subjects, although they already have three small children of their own. Or, rather, Mrs. Rose so decides; Mr. Rose accepts the inevitable with as good a grace as possible.

Their first experiment is with a "disturbed adolescent" named Jane, whom they turn from a kind of female Dillinger, a child who believes Simon Legree to be the hero of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, into the sunshine of the house and the belle of the ball. Their second experiment is tougher, involving a crippled boy called Jimmy-John, who appears to be a fiend in human shape. Not only is he sullen, rude, ignorant, destructive and pugnacious, with a habit of hitting any child within sight, but he seems to be a natural Peeping Tom, spying through the window on his neighbours' most intimate affairs. When Mrs. Rose at last decides to spank this obnoxious child, there are few members of the audience who would not willingly get up and help her.

In a rather dreadful little scene which may make the average spectator squirm, Mr. Rose cures Jimmy-John of his Peeping Tom habits by teaching him the facts of life. (I am not disputing that this is the proper thing to do. I only question whether it should be done in public.) Mrs. Rose then finishes the process of reformation by making Jimmy-John a Scout; in theory, again, an admirable thing to do. But her action leads to another and even more dreadfully embarrassing scene, in which the now-angelic child is awarded the Eagle Badge, with tears, applause and kisses all round; marking the occasion with a horrid little speech in which he tells his comrades "I had a head-start over most of you fellers. I had a chance to pick my own parents." (The real Jimmy-John, it is true, was chosen as a representative to a World Congress of Scouts, which, after his bad start in life, was a miracle due almost certainly to his enterprising foster-mother.)

I don't want to give the impression that *Room for One More* is wholly absurd or bad. The film is by no means devoid of neat and amusing lines. Both Cary Grant and Betsy Drake slide over the more sentimental aspects of their parts with considerable ease and tact. When the picture sticks to the homely details of family life, it can be quite engaging, and it is perhaps hard on *Room for One More* that it should follow so closely on the heels of *Mandy*, which explored the problems of abnormal childhood without mawkishness, and with far more skill.

The most satisfactory of the child actors rampaging through the film is a very small boy named George Winslow, whose terse and exact comments on the situation more than once put the other characters in their place. On the whole, the piece bears out a theory I have long held with regard to children in Hollywood films—"When they are bad, they are very, very good, but when they are good, they are *horrid*."

The World In His Arms

(Odeon, Leicester Square)

I'M afraid it can't be said that *The World in His Arms* provides any reassuring evidence that Hollywood is growing up. The film, based on a story by Rex Beach, is one of the most preposterous we have seen for years. The nearest parallel I can find to it is the wild Indian escapade called *Aan*. Indeed, in its spectacle, colour, violence, *naïveté*, speed, vigour, multiple gyrations of plot, and exuberant attempt to throw everything on to the screen except the kitchen stove, it strongly recalls that film. One can argue quite fairly—and I had a companion who did so argue—that this is the sort of thing the screen is for. There is a lot of fun to be got out of *The World in His Arms*, if one does not for a moment take it seriously.

The scene is mainly Alaska. The period is the gilt-and-plush saloon era. The protagonists are Russians (sinister) and Americans (noble). The central theme is the hunting of seals.

The coasts of Alaska (very prettily photographed in Technicolor) are swarming with seals. The Russians, who control Alaska at the time, are out to butcher them wholesale. The Americans, led by Gregory Peck, a free-lance sealer, confine themselves to killing bachelors, thus (it is somewhat speciously argued) mercifully assisting nature, and ensuring the future of the race. From his pursuit of this desirable end, Mr. Peck is temporarily deflected by the appearance of a beautiful Russian countess, fleeing from a hateful marriage with a nephew of the Tsar, and masquerading as her own maid. When Mr. Peck, having kissed her, discovers the deception, he is so incensed that he rushes off to the sealing-grounds in his schooner, cramming on full sail as though the devil were at his heels.

One cannot grudge these boating scenes which are quite splendid of their kind, but they play merry hell with the plot, which thereupon goes mad. The rest of the film is concerned with melodramatic goings-on at the Russian palace in Sitka; the bride's rescue from the altar by her sealing lover, who makes a dramatic reappearance through a rose-window, having disguised his entire crew as church dignitaries; their flight through the snow by troika; the blowing-up of a Russian gunboat; and a lingering embrace in a Technicolor sunset, which leaves Mr. Peck, the seals altogether forgotten, with the world (Ann Blyth) in his arms.

The Big Top and Hotel du Nord

(Continentale)

THE BIG TOP is a Russian circus film, which gives us pure circus, fine circus, and nothing else. The colour, at times, looks a bit as though it had been wrung through a mangle, but the turns follow one another at model speed, and some of them, notably in acrobatic, trapeze and riding acts, are positively brilliant.

With *The Big Top* is shown a revival of *Hotel du Nord*, made by the young Marcel Carné in 1936. This was a great film in its day, and still seems a very striking one. The scene, you may remember, is a cheap hotel on the banks of a Paris canal. Round the family supper-table are gathered lodgers of every sort; the honest workman and the prostitute, the man who sells blood transfusions for a living, the fugitive thief, the frightened child from Barcelona, a dozen or more, all thrown together in a kind of highly-tensed intimacy.

Into this overcharged atmosphere come two lovers with a suicide pact. Upstairs, in a dark, frowsy bedroom, while a dog is barking incessantly on the canal bank, the young man shoots and wounds the girl, but is interrupted before he can turn the gun on himself. He is arrested; she recovers; the whole affair is an overnight sensation which has violent repercussions on the lives of all the lodgers.

The great quality of *Hotel du Nord* is the sense it gives you of the *continuity* of these lives, in their close rooms at that ill-lit street corner. The atmosphere has been contrived by the hand of an artist, and the hopeless creatures who make this place their home are never wholly without the spark of the artist or philosopher. The performance, by the late, sadly-missed Louis Jouvet, Arletty, Annabella, Jean-Pierre Aumont and others, is beautifully understood, and impresses less as acting than *behaviour*. A film to see now if you don't know it already, and, if you do know it, to see all over again.

ROOM FOR ONE MORE. "Poppy" Rose (Cary Grant), his wife Anna (Betsy Drake), and their children, Trot, Teenie and Tim can't resist adopting anything homeless or unwanted.

THE WORLD IN HIS ARMS. With daggers thrust into the deck, pirate "sealer" Captain Jonathan Clark (Gregory Peck) takes a firm and muscular grip on the hand of his rival, Portugee (Anthony Quinn; *left*).

Our Fashion Portfolio

by

Norah Owen

CLOTHES FOR SCOTLAND

To many people August means Scotland, but it can also mean the Yorkshire moors, or the Welsh hills or the depths of Ireland or just any part of the countryside of the British Isles. To many people Scotland means shooting and fishing and the Highlands, but it can also mean the urbanity of Edinburgh and its Festival, and the amenities of other Scottish cities.

Wherever you are going at this time of the year you will need tweed, in the form of sleek suits and roomy coats. These, with the addition of plain dresses that can be dressed up, skirts and sweaters, tough shoes, simple hats and evening dresses for gala occasions, make the basis of a wardrobe that can go anywhere in Great Britain during the next few months.

For those who are going to Scotland, or who live there, clothes that can be bought north of the Tweed are shown on this and the following pages.

For the traditional glamour of Highland Balls or any dances away from London, against beautiful and romantic backgrounds, we show two dresses that have their own drama. They have both left the bare shoulders of past years behind and, with their sweeping skirts, would be picturesque in any setting. *Left:* In heavy white taffeta, with a wide skirt, rib-hugging cummerbund, and halter neck, Roecliff and Chapman's young ball dress has its bodice and the top of its skirt scattered with gold embroidery and brilliants. It comes from Ella Stewart of Edinburgh and Swan and Edgar, London, and sells at approximately 29 gns. *Right:* A most striking dress with great dignity, particularly for an older woman, with its low-cut neckline and sleeves to below the elbow. By Frank Usher, in wine and black shot ribbed silk, it is found at Greensmith Downes of Edinburgh and Gorringes, London, at about 17 gns.

Specially photographed for "THE SKETCH" by Keith Ewart.

(Continued overleaf)

Left :
Belted suits are news, and Matita's grey and green overchecked tweed suit has a leather belt. The skirt is pleated for movement, the revers low-folding. Loose coats that flap in the wind or have to be held with one hand are useless in windy country. Matita's grass-green coat, which slips easily over a suit, and can be worn over dresses, buttons with plain leather buttons, and has deep pockets and easy, unpadded shoulders. The coat costs approximately 32 gns., the suit about 27 gns., from Jean Gordon, Inverness, and Druce, Baker Street, London. Madge Chard's soft "Garbo" hat is found at Greensmith Downes, Edinburgh, and Dickins and Jones, London, from 4½ gns. to 5½ gns., according to colour.

CLOTHES FOR SCOTLAND

Our Fashion Portfolio (Contd.)

Right :
In an attractive blue, or other shades, Travella's coat in nubbly tweed buttons high to the neck, and has full-length revers. This is an easy Town into Country coat, coming from Draffens of Dundee and Marshall and Snelgrove, London, at about 23 gns. It is worn with Madge Chard's natural-coloured pull-on felt, with a high-reaching feather. About 5 gns., from Jean Gordon, Inverness, and Dickins and Jones, London. The large handbag in tan sports hide, with roomy interior and outside pocket, costs £10 11s. 6d. at Russell and Bromley.

The car in both these photographs is a Jowett "Javelin."

Right :
Rain or fine—a completely reversible coat in pure wool Donegal tweed, and pure worsted gaberdine, which is the answer to all weather problems. Donegal tweed makes real fashion news this year, and has a city elegance as well as a country toughness. Worn with its matching deerstalker hat, in black and white tweed and black gaberdine, it is by Dannimac, from Watt and Grant, Aberdeen, and Selfridges, London, for only £11 19s. 6d

Above :
Another belted suit, high fastening, with rounded collar, in Munrospun Shetland tweed, in oatmeal shades. It has slit top pockets, and an easy, widely gored skirt. By Country Life, 21½ gns., from Darlings, Edinburgh, and Harvey Nichols, London.

Right :
The cardigan suit is a charming revival of this season. Seen here with its matching fringed scarf, Dorville's violet and white fine herringbone tweed suit has a young, uncluttered line, and is another Town and Country suit. From McDonalds, Glasgow, and Jay's, London, it costs about £26. With it is Russell and Bromley's pale yellow box calf handbag. Available in many other shades, it costs £12 10s.

(Continued overleaf)

Our Fashion Portfolio (Contd.)

CLOTHES FOR SCOTLAND

Above:
Comfortable and casual are the twin-sets and tweed skirts which are so ideal for informal or sporting occasions. Gor-Ray's skirt, pleated all round in fine tweed in a range of shades, is an ever-useful addition to one's collection of separates. Price £4 15s. 6d. from John McNaughton, Bathgate, and Palmer's, New Bond Street, London. We have grown so used to the idea that cashmere sweaters and cardigans are for Export Only, that the news that they are now for us seems unbelievable. Braemar's pure cashmere sweater and golfer cardigan, in a range of shades, will now be available at all the leading Scottish and London stores for 12 gns. the set.

Left:
A basic dress that can be worn with tweed coats, dressed up for town life, or worn casually for country houses. This grey barathea, button-through, straight dress, with pleats in the back skirt and horizontal stitching on the skirt and cross-over bodice, is such a dress. The neck is open with a tiny Chinese back collar, the sleeves end below the elbow. By Marcus, price 22 gns. from Daly's, Glasgow, and Marshall and Snelgrove, London. It is worn with a quartered dark green classic felt hat by Madge Chard, about 4½ gns., from Paton's, Glasgow, and Peter Robinson, London. The handbag is crocodile, with suède lining. £45 15s. from Russell and Bromley.

ELEGANT ECONOMY

The suit and the coat, contrasting in fabrics, but teamed together as a three-piece, make news for the woman who is buying her wardrobe on a budget. Crayson's three-piece has a most useful and wearable tweed coat, in grey two-face with yellow, with the yellow showing in the deep cuffs and the high collar. It buttons warmly at the neck and has deep patch pockets. The suit is a classic, low-revered and slim-fitting, in grey squared with yellow. The suit sells at about 11 gns., the coat at about 12 gns., separately, or as a three-piece at about 23 gns., and they are obtainable at Bourne and Hollingsworth; Watt and Grant, Aberdeen; and Lewis's Provincial Shops. The grey felt, wide-brimmed pull-on hat is a Town and Country model by Hugh Beresford, from Swan and Edgar, selling at £3 19s. 11d. The box handbag, neat and attractive in pigskin with gilt studs, £5 19s. 6d., with pigskin stitched gloves, £1 1s. 6d., both from Susan Handbags, New Bond Street, London.

TALES WITH A STING

MANNA MAKYTH SLOTH

By Neil Bell

ONE summer morning, towards the close of the twentieth century, the people of Southwold, a small seaside resort in Suffolk, woke to find the ground (gardens, greens, the sands, the Common) covered to the depth of just over an inch with a strange substance, pale yellow in colour and of a consistency midway between that of snow and moss. It was, in fact, at first sight thought by the simple inhabitants to be a form of snow. But only at the first swift glance. It so obviously was not snow, for most of the dogs and cats in the town and vast flocks of birds were gobbling down the stuff as fast as jaws and beaks could work. And even a few adventurous and hungry children, and one or two curious adults, could be seen sampling it.

For the rest of the morning the people discussed the phenomenon. The children who had eaten it and those few adults who had partly breakfasted upon it, were watched that morning by the rest of the community with a certain very natural curiosity not unmixed with the hope that something spectacular would happen to them. But nothing did happen. If anything was noticeable at all about them it was that they seemed brighter and livelier, more brisk and energetic, than was their wont.

Until noon that day Southwold, and Southwold alone, was aware of the strange visitation that had come upon the town.

Twenty-four hours later the whole world knew about Southwold, and in thousands of editorial and news offices over the globe excited bosses, chewing gum, smoking cigars, or sucking bismuth tablets, were radioing their representatives for the latest news and pictures from Southwold, that tiny plot of English soil now become the centre of the world's interest.

The reason for this should be explained. It was, in a word, hunger. The world was over-crowded. It could no longer feed its peoples, and the peoples, as if in a gesture of mad despair, went on breeding in ever- and ever-increasing numbers so that despite the high death rate it was calculated that ten human beings were born for every seven that died.

Southwold was wise to make the most of its transient celebrity; for within three days the world's interest shifted to Seaford, a small town on the coast of Sussex, whose people were the next to find the manna fallen upon their streets, their fields and gardens, and the beach and downland for nearly a mile. Then came a third fall, at Bognor Regis; a fourth, at Lyme Regis; a fifth, at Brixham; and a sixth, at Bideford.

And then one of the newspaper representatives made a discovery. To each of the six towns upon which the manna had so far fallen there had come, the afternoon immediately prior to its fall, a certain Mr. Aloysius Pooley, who had brought with him a large suitcase and had put up for the night at one of the hotels. This Mr. Pooley had in every instance retired to his room early in the evening; come down to his breakfast at eight o'clock; and after the meal had paid his bill and departed, without apparently showing any interest in the local fall of manna.

Immediately a hue-and-cry went up for Mr. Aloysius Pooley. It was an unnecessary hunt for, far from hiding himself, Mr. Pooley came to London, obtained an interview with the Minister for Broadcasting, and that same evening appeared on the television screens all over the world and made that historic announcement now as memorably famous as Lincoln's speech at Gettysburg.

He was a medium-sized, middle-aged man of utterly undistinguished appearance; yet a remarkable man; a rare, perhaps an unprecedented combination of qualities; for he was a multi-millionaire, a philanthropist, an inventor and an eccentric.

Mr. Pooley told those innumerable watchers and listeners that a new epoch had begun upon the earth: an epoch of plenty, of food for all in abundance. He explained how the Pooley rocket, containing various substances whose formulæ he did not disclose, ascended at great velocity and, exploding among the cloud-layers, produced the manna which then fell in a great vertical downpour over the area immediately beneath. One small rocket produced sufficient manna to cover a square mile and supplied ample food for four thousand people and a thousand head of cattle for twenty-four hours. "My manna," declaimed Mr. Pooley, "is a food of the highest dietetic value and has tonic properties which give rise to a feeling of exhilaration and well-being. It may be eaten raw, when its flavour is extremely palatable, as many thousands of people have already discovered. But it can be cooked in a variety of ways: baked, it has the taste and appearance of breast of chicken; boiled, it is like salmon; braised, very similar to lamb chops; and fried, cannot be distinguished from the finest pork sausages. But, my friends," continued Mr. Pooley, "my manna is more, far more, than a delicious food. From it can be made a drink having all the delightful qualities of alcohol without the subsequent ill-effects." Mr. Pooley paused and smiled. "But how," he went on, "may this inestimable boon be obtained over the whole world in sufficient quantity to satisfy everyone? The answer is simple: already I have a small factory where my rockets are in production and are coming off the assembly-line at the encouraging rate of a thousand a day. In six months' time that rate will be a hundred thousand a day; and within a year, a million. These rockets will be despatched to every quarter of our globe, with full instructions for their use. There will be nothing to pay. This will be my privilege. I, Aloysius Pooley, endow the teeming millions of the human race with an inexhaustible abundance of the most delicious and exhilarating food and the most exquisite and enchanting drink."

Thus began what history now knows as the Pooley Epoch.

And as an almost immediate consequence the wheels of the world's intricate machinery began to slow down and threaten to come to a stop. Why work? The most delicious food, the most marvellous drink were there for the taking. Let them work who liked it. Most didn't. They never had done. And now there was no need for it. So whoops-a-daisy!

The World Government was alarmed. It prohibited any further distribution of the Pooley rockets. The prohibition was ignored. It forbade the production of the Pooley rockets and ordered the closing of the Pooley factories. Pooley doubled his output. The World Government arrested Pooley, closed down his factories, and instructed the Ministry of Law to prepare an indictment against him as the arch-enemy of mankind.

Pooley was brought before the World Court charged with demoralising the human race. The charge was a capital one. He was found guilty and sentenced to death by electrocution.

Then the world's people rose in their violent wrath and began to smash things. They smashed everything within reach and then they set off for more distant fields of destruction and in countless millions, and in every form of aerial transport, borrowed or stolen, they converged upon Washington, the seat of World Government. War hung in the balance. War between the Government and the Governed. But World President Chako, a Zulu, was a man of peace. He quashed the verdict against Pooley and lifted the ban on the rockets.

And so the World's people continued to be fed on the delectable food and to quaff the enchanting booze. And the World's wheels went slower.

And then a wonder came to light. Relieved of the necessity to work, the teeming millions of the earth, after a year or so of *dolce far niente*, became unutterably bored. They cried out in one voice: "Nothing to do but gorge and booze. What a life!" They demanded work. They clamoured for work. They threatened horrible things if they did not get work. And they got it. And the wheels of the World slowly accelerated; went faster and faster; until soon they were speeding round at a velocity never before achieved. And that was how the Millennium, the Golden Age of Mankind, came to the earth.

Pooley's manna was still made occasionally by children for fun; or at Christmas; or on July 4; or for birthdays. And a few old diehards continued to make sad merriment with the Pooley booze. But mankind at large was no longer interested. Only one fear remained to mankind: not being allowed to work. It was the sentence the most hardened criminals dreaded.

It broke Pooley's heart; and his mind. It was quite a spectacular suicide, and in front of World Government House, Washington. He fastened himself to one of his largest rockets and shot off into space and there was blown to dust. The subsequent fall of manna, containing as it did atomised Pooley, was considered unfit for human consumption, although dogs, cats, birds and domestic fowl golloped it down with gusto.

A statue was erected to him outside World Government House. It was placed between those of Mark Twain and Will Rogers.

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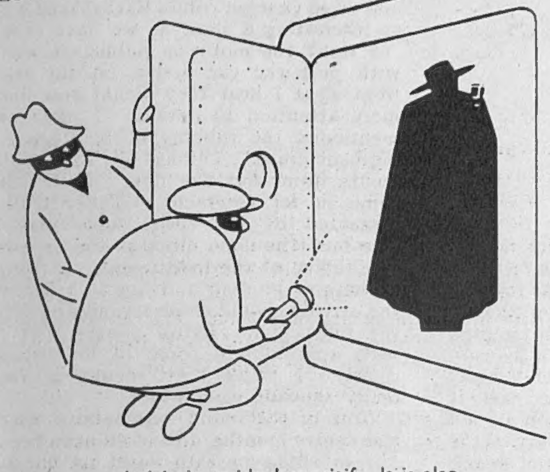

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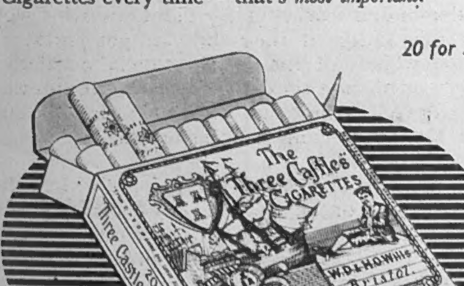

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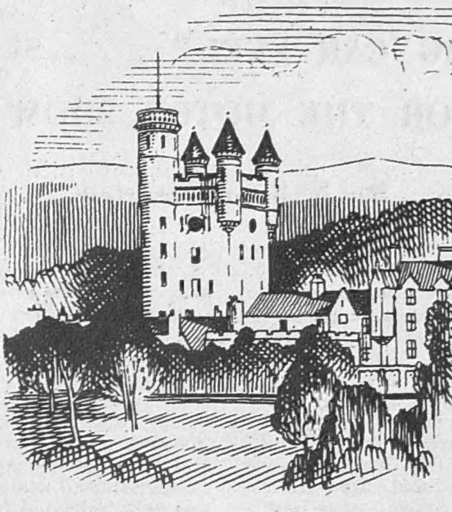

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● THE WORLD OF MOTORING

ADVANTAGES OF OVER-DRIVE . . . PLEASURES OF "THE BIG CAR FEEL" . . . SUGGESTIONS FOR THE MOTOR SHOW

By William Hartley

THE larger engines and better power-weight ratio of many of the cars now being produced makes the use of an over-drive possible and, I may say, highly desirable. I have just been able to drive a Standard "Vanguard" so equipped, and pleasant it is. For the less technical I had better explain that over-drive is an extra gear above what is normally regarded as top. One does not necessarily reach a higher maximum speed by its use but one certainly holds the same road speed while the engine runs more slowly. This, of course, saves both petrol and engine wear—important items—and it also provides a most satisfying cruising with little effort or fuss: rather like coasting does. The great simplicity of the change in and out of this over-drive gear on the "Vanguard" enhances the joy of its presence—you merely make a slight up or down movement of the gear-lever without any clutch operation. Of course over-drive is not new—I recall trying more than one in pre-war days. But I think we shall before long see more being fitted to various models to take fuller advantage of larger and more powerful engines. While on the subject, what an all-round pleasant car the "Vanguard" is. One of the first of the new post-war designs, it has settled down through the years, with very few minor alterations, to become a consistent performer seen in increasingly large numbers.

A TERM often used to indicate satisfaction with a small car is "the big car feel," so perhaps it is a little odd to apply the reverse. But having handled a Humber "Super-Snipe" for some hundreds of miles of late I am tempted to do so, for this large car handles with the ease and lightness of many a much smaller vehicle. To me, who was brought up with big cars, it is always a joy to drive something with a good deal of weight and power. The flexibility of the "Super-Snipe" is most pleasant and the steadiness only to be had from such a car makes long journeys no effort or trial. The ample seating-space (not at the expense of boot or vice-versa!) together with the very excellent finish of the interior and the good instrument lay-out, make motoring with the family a joy. There are always those who prefer the genuine big car, and those who have not owned or driven one might well be converted by the experience of using a car such as this Humber for one or two journeys. By the way, the car I used was finished in the almost-goldish metallic light brown. Now I mention this because until the post-war period we had become a nation of sombre black as far as our cars were concerned. When the buyer here again has freedom of choice it is my guess that more and more will ask for these light shades because of the manner in which they conceal dust and dirt. And we must admit that our car-parks and roads present a much gayer scene—a result to be thankful for in these dullish days.

THE MOTOR SHOW, for the moment, remains something for the future. But it is already beginning to cast its shadow before, and when October comes Earl's Court will present as interesting a show as we have ever seen.

I think the motoring public are well pleased with post-war car design on the whole, but from what I hear they would now like a little more attention to details. I have previously mentioned the robbing of body-space for the big-boot craze! Perhaps we shall see developments from that one day. Then instruments come in for comment. The artistic picture presented by the entire facia may be very nice but it is done often at the expense of the readability of the instruments. An instrument is there to be read and not as a decoration, so the artistic should come second and way behind the functional. Petrol gauges that are only very approximate come in for criticism, and rightly: I think they should be capable of really showing each gallon.

Now of the many cars I have tried in the last twelve months, almost all have been capable of comforting me with warm air, but alas! only one has really given me the cool air it promised from the ventilation and air-conditioning system; most only made me hotter when I wanted to be cooled. I can only conclude that many designers are non-smokers, too. The ash-trays are so often fitted in inaccessible places to the extent that before one has threaded the ash-laden cigarette round the facia and handles and controls, the ash has fallen away!

There is another feature sadly missed by many. Wrongly often called a sunshine roof, the sliding head, which provided shade from hot sun but fresh air on our lovely balmy spring and autumn days, is a nice fitting and should at least be available as an extra from the makers, as is indeed the case in certain instances.

Now that the buyer's market is perhaps not far away in any price range, some of the items listed here will begin to count once more.

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